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Notes of the Week

Events have certainly justified what we had to say of the renewed negotiations with Mr. de Valera. There was no other Eamon, only the same megalomaniac, and we are exactly as we were. But with this difference, that Mr. de Valera has made more manifest the absurdity of his pretensions and strengthened the hand of any conceivable British Government for any action which the future may demand. Why did this revolutionary mountebank come over from Dublin at all? Perhaps because he miscalculated on a weakening of the British position under pressure from "big business," which is hit by the present state of affairs; perhaps because he counted on being turned down immediately, so that he could go back and cry: "Look at these perishing blighters! They won't even listen to me." Perhaps for both reasons. But he miscalculated, and

our Ministers were not so guileless as he thought. Before being dismissed, he was allowed to hold the pulpit for two whole days. And the megalomaniac got it all, so to speak, off his chest.

Enough is known already to persuade the most gullible that de Valera never had any serious offer, compromise, or even reason to suggest. He talked froth mingled with fury about the annuities, all sorts of fantastic claims and counter-claims, about the Treaty and the oath of allegiance. And when the White Paper is issued, it may even be found that he made claims to some share in the Colonial possessions of Great Britain—although it is not actually averred that he desired to annex Canada on the ground of Ireland's help in building up the Empire. At all events, de Valera was sheer farce, and so would be the imbroglio as a whole, if the gunman were not in the background.

But there the gunman is, and it is difficult to

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imagine a solution which will not, in one way or another, shed a lot of blood in Ireland. De Valera himself—and who knows how much of sane and honest Ireland?—is held tightly in the clutch of the I.R.A., who will, presumably, force on him some day a revolution and the proclamation of a Republic. As for our Government, it has for the moment only to sit tight. But the crisis will come, very likely over the appointment of a Governor-General and the advice which de Valera may or may not tender to the King. When or if it does come, it is certain that the British Navy will not under-estimate the importance of the strategic ports of Southern Ireland, while the attitude or action of Ulster adds another pre-occupation. There are only Cosgrave and the white armies to stand between Ireland and chaos. They seem shadowy saviours at this moment.

* *

London had a taste on Tuesday night of what a Communist rising might mean. Both fortunately

The Joys of Communism

and unfortunately, only a scrap of London, hardly more than a few streets of Lambeth, had the experience: fortunately, because no one could desire an extension of such scenes of brutality and pillage, unfortunately because without seeing it few people can imagine the reality of mob rule even severely checked by well-directed police. Remove that firm direction for but a few hours at a crisis, and London would be hell with the lid off.

This sequel of Belfast, in which not less than ten thousand men were concerned, was organised by the Communist Party, otherwise the Dictators in the Kremlin, masquerading under the name of the National Unemployment Movement. This exploitation of the workless by the revolutionary schemes of Moscow gives particular importance to the Government consideration of the unemployment, discussed in another Note, and also to the denunciation of the deplorable trade agreement with the Soviets, under cover of which agents of the Third International over here to compass the downfall of England have received diplomatic privileges.

* *

Tuesday night's attempt to rush the County Hall points without the smallest doubt to the

Stones and Sureties

presence of the enemy in our midst and to the methods he proposes to use. We are forewarned; but we must also not hesitate to use the arms we have. At the Tower Bridge Police Court some exemplary sentences were imposed on rioters, but in another district an important agitator and local ringleader, taken red-handed as he flung missiles at the police, was given the opportunity of finding sureties that he would keep the peace for twelve months. This is a wholly insufficient sentence. If law and order—which means civilisation—are to

prevail against the forces of darkness, our magistrates must learn to use the powers they have without faltering.

* *

The Ottawa agreements are surely, what remains to be proved. One very astute mind has said of

Miracle or Wash-out?

them that they are "either a miracle or a wash-out and, for the present, a piece of window-dressing." They are more than that and more nearly, we believe, miracle than wash-out. But, just as a man has no excuse for hoping to be rid of tubercular disease after taking one dose of even the most notorious lung tonic, so we must not imagine that industrial revival and national prosperity will follow the agreements as day follows night and with much the same rapidity. These are platitudes. Yet there exists the case of the patient in a hospital who, after the removal of the thermometer from his mouth, said "That's done me a power of good." And it was so.

At all events Ottawa has already produced two definite, in some ways startling, results. It has forced the denunciation of the trade Treaty with Soviet Russia and driven the Prime Minister to a speech in which eloquence did not smother or substitute definite meaning.

* *

As for the first, no Conservative can fail to be very glad. However suave the terms of denuncia-

Two Good Jobs

tion, the fact is definite and freedom springs from it. We have at last summoned up some courage. We could wish for more. We see no reason, no excuse, in the sight of God or even of man, for the continuance of any relations with a bigoted, treacherous gang of terrorists and assassins who traffic in stolen goods, abuse our hospitality, conspire against us in every corner of the earth, persecute our religion, and mock the God we worship. It may even be that a little more Belfast, a few more riots of the unemployed may convince Authority that we should do better without the agents of Moscow at large amongst us.

As for the second, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is said, on the best authority, to have made his best speech in the Commons and to have deserved a great personal triumph. It is, perhaps, more important to himself and to the country that he should have come down definitely on the strongly conservative side of his character. Whether this happened because the Samuelites had freed his hands and cleared his mind or because he was compelled by circumstances does not matter so much. For if the conservative, fastidious, aristocratic part of the Siamese Twins which are Ramsay MacDonald can remain in the ascendant—at home and abroad—a real National Government need never lack the almost ideal leader.

Out of Ottawa, too, may come some real stimulation for British agriculture if the Governments acts boldly on the report of Colonel Lane-Fox's Pig Commission, which is due very soon. The big idea seems to be a quota scheme for bacon, a marketing scheme for the home market, the guarantee of a reasonable price by the factories, with a guarantee from our pig producers of regular supplies and a quality which shall not fall below that of Denmark. On paper, all would seem to be almost lovely in the garden, even if it be little more than a cottage garden. And pigs grow and multiply quickly when they are fed on corn, which would give barley a most helpful "boost." The trouble with agriculture lies in an overloaded Parliamentary programme which may postpone action till February—too late for the farmer of 1933 who is lucky enough to survive 1932.

* *

Another Conference is dead, this time overlaid at birth. No flowers are to be strewn on its unknown grave, nor will more sound of mourning be heard than when a Moslem mother is bereft of her child. It is Allah's will. Such tears as may be shed by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who in haste engendered the Four Power Conference to repent at leisure, must fall in the quietest sanctum of Downing Street and be dried or ever the Prime Minister puts on his frosty official smile.

The Four Power Conference was killed, horrid irony of fate, at Germany's bidding, for whose especial benefit Mr. Ramsay MacDonald begat it. His fertile mind conceived it as a get-away for the Junker-cum-Reichswehr government after its smash and grab raid on the Disarmament shop. If only the French could be got round the same table with the Germans in London, how could they in decency say "No" to a straightforward demand? For people have almost forgotten the use of a straightforward negative. France was adamant against London, but agreeable—with reservations—to Geneva. And our Premier was just thinking that he had fixed the matter comfortably when, hey presto, in the midst of his heart-to-heart talk with M. Herriot, the Germans dropped a large, hard brick. They would come to the proposed Four Power table anywhere else, but not at Geneva.

* *

Mr. MacDonald made one desperate attempt this week to get France to accept Lausanne as a venue.

The Lady doth Protest But the French insistence on Geneva springs precisely from the reason for which the Germans object to it: because Geneva means the League of Nations, and the prospect of League investigation into and control over German armaments. And Germany had sworn not to go again to the League

of Nations unless her claim to equality in arms were admitted in advance. This time M. Herriot said "No" flatly. Crushed between Germany's "Geneva—nothing doing" and France's "Geneva or nothing," all Mr. MacDonald can say is to protest to that latter that his heart is with the League, that "We stand by the League, by the covenants of the League"; to the former that "Great Britain does not oppose Germany's claim to be regarded as an equal at disarmament conferences"—an ambiguous and subtle phrase, but yet not soft enough to butter the peace-treaty parsnips to the German palate. All the Premier could do was to overlay his infant. It is rumoured that he will shortly produce another—"a new avenue of approach," is the consecrated official phrase—but poor little "Four Power" is dead.

* *

This is the moment chosen by Herr von Papen, the German Chancellor, to reaffirm in Westphalia on October 16 what he had said a week before at Munich, that his country aspires from an "Imperium Sacrum from the Alps to Memel." If anyone can construe this as meaning something different from the 1914 German ambition of "Mitteleuropa," he must read the situation differently from the peace-loving Belgians—surely not to be accused of "imperialist designs"—who have forthwith decided on a new scheme of frontier defence to be well advanced by next June. This is also the moment when Signor Mussolini has openly declared himself in favour of Hungary's claim for revision of her frontiers, undeterred by the threat of war in the Balkans constituted thereby. Small wonder that M. Herriot should say "We are at a strangely critical juncture. Hitherto slumbering pretensions awake with evident menace." Verily the British nation must look carefully with whom it talks in the gate.

The German government also announces its intention henceforward to pay its foreign debts solely by the export of goods, to be received by creditor countries with tariff barriers lowered and bands playing. Charming prospect for our manufacturers! But this is another story.

* *

Whatever unrecorded dreams Gerontius may have had, none can have been more fantastic than the fate of that set to music by Sir Edward Elgar in having the doors of Peterborough Cathedral banged in its face. Newman's "Dream of Gerontius," it would seem, is a nightmare to certain worthy persons, and among them Dean Simpson. Are we really to believe that the name of the Virgin Mary, delicately muffled by music, profanes a Protestant cathedral? That the playing of an Oratorio with passages based on the doctrine of Purgatory en-

A Deanery Nightmare

dangers the security of Anglican faith? Is not the Wedding March from Lohengrin played at countless weddings without shrieks against the work of so notorious a pagan (Parsifal notwithstanding) as Wagner? Have we not heard on the organ extracts from the Yeomen of the Guard and yet not one of the congregation rose in wrath?

* *

What makes the matter more patently silly is that Hereford and Gloucester have heard Elgar's Oratorio, no one objecting, while Worcester, more meticulous, insisted on the omission of the Virgin. Peterborough is the sufferer by the anarchic muddledness of thought that makes one Dean curse what his fellow blesses. To us it is obvious that the only proper spirit in such matters is one of wide tolerance. England has the luck to possess a composer of the front rank; it is absurd, nay, wellnigh intolerable, that his principal religious work should be barred from any English church. Its inspiration is Catholic? What about the Gregorian chants?

* *

It is obvious that the Cabinet, with or without the Committee's report, must reach clear decisions not only on the Means Test but on other aspects of unemployment, and they are believed to be considering the issue of a short-term loan to finance public works of alleged utility. This is going backwards with a vengeance—though it would be foolish to pretend that some necessity might not be pleaded or proved. For ourselves, we cannot be impressed by expedients which have been proved so costly and wasteful—especially as the one safe road towards an expansion of trade can be found in a lowering of direct taxation. But this is certainly not the line of least resistance. Nor is a brave and whole-hearted effort to put agriculture on its feet, by which more than by anything else unemployment might be lessened.

As for the Means Test, the instant problem, it seems, happily, that there is no chance of abolition. But the anomalies of administration, on which we commented last week, must be redressed. So long as in Birmingham, the means test excludes from benefit all who have savings totalling more than £10, while in Wolverhampton the possession of £100 is no bar to benefit, we can expect neither peace, nor justice, nor efficiency.

* *

Mr. Justice Humphreys, by sentencing a highway robber to the Cat, has pointed the right road to all entrusted with the heavy responsibility of administering the law. Without observance of the law, order must

fail throughout the land; without order, civilisation perishes. Nothing but the fear of exemplary sentences will deter from action aspirants to the thrill and profit got from violent crime. All past experience teaches the truth of this, but in an age of flatulent pseudo-philanthropy it requires courage to practice such teaching. Mr. Justice Humphreys has this courage. We take off our hat and thank him.

* *

After devoting nearly three weeks to the contemplation of its financial navel, the League of Nations has concluded its Thirteenth Assembly by a world-shaking feat. It has made cuts in its annual expenditure to the grand tune of £4,000 or $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. (.33 per cent., to put it still more clearly) of its total budget. Meanwhile the building of the League's new Palace goes on steadily, if not apace, and will cost, without extras, over one million sterling. Well might the Aga Khan tell the Assembly, with a severity as merited as little relished, that the League's parading in solitary magnificence, unaffected by the universal stringency, must have a deplorable effect on outside opinion.

* *

The resignation of Mr. Arthur Henderson from the leadership of the Labour Party must leave that Party wondering yet again just what has happened to it and what is likely to happen in the future. The great split of last year, the breaking away of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Lord Snowden and Mr. J. H. Thomas, the utter rout at the polls, and now the disappearance from leadership of the man who was affectionately known as "Uncle Arthur"—these are things which few parties could stand with equanimity, and still less a Labour Party that is still torn with dissensions and jealousies. Mr. George Lansbury will probably become a stop-gap leader but he will be leader in little more than name. The executive will govern him, and under recent party decisions, the annual conference of delegates will govern the executive, so that, as a leader is now to be no more than a figure-head, the emotional and preposterous but quite kindly Mr. Lansbury will do as well as anyone else.

* *

As for Mr. Henderson himself even the fiercest of his political opponents will regret his going.

In Victory and Defeat

He is absurdly pontifical but, notwithstanding his mistakes, he is without doubt the greatest organiser Labour has ever had. He, more than anybody, won Labour's two victories. True, the line he took was responsible for its greatest defeat. He entered on that adventure with his eyes open and never wholly recovered from its effects. His next

great mistake was when, months ago, he devoted himself to Geneva instead of to Westminster where his sorely stricken followers were wandering in the inhospitable wilderness. Added to this, illness has taken a heavy toll of him for some time, and the recent Leicester conference came near to flouting him. His latest step is a wise one. His party will miss him, and most of its members will realize that his resignation will probably signalise another crisis in their affairs.

**

A good deal of fuss, according to messages from Berlin, is being made about a Bavarian village girl, Therese Neumann, who on every Friday falls into some sort of cataleptic trance, during which all the marks of the crucifixion appear on her body while she mutters words said to resemble a dialect which Christ might have spoken in his life-time. And apparently Roman Catholic authority proposes to subject the girl and the manifestations to medical and scientific analysis.

Meanwhile the story is not impressive. Interesting as they are, pathologically and psychologically, these familiar cases of the stigmata fall clearly within a category of neurosis. They may be evidence of the power of mind over matter, but no more. And as for the Aramaic dialect, the girl probably mutters words as clearly gibberish as those of the medium who was supposed to be talking Chinese. In any case, why waste time and effort? These phenomena do not bear on the great truths of Christianity, which need no such theatrical support.

**

Local authorities to whom syndicates offer fair values for municipal housing estates should remember the Jew's advice—Sell to avoid a greater loss. In 1922 Newport was heavily criticised for selling at £650 apiece "Addison" houses that a year before had cost the Corporation £1,250 to build. Such houses to-day fetch £300. And the critics are very silent. The running sore of an annual deficit on economic rent—quite apart from the State "dole"—is saved. London has planted 200,000 rate-aided persons in its estates, and each one costs everyone else 1s. a head a week above the rental. In Socialist areas only Socialists need apply as tenants, and the whole system breeds Socialism and graft. Now is the time to axe it at the root—or remodel the system on Italian lines.

**

We would not be flippant, an awful crime imputed to us sixty years ago (see *Punch*, January 11, 1873). We should deplore want of sympathy with respectable persons, bereft of comfort in this world, who seek it from the next in the shape of communications from their loved dead. But, with

all due reverence for other people's beliefs, we cannot help feeling that good sense is being somewhat strained when we are asked to take as proof of life beyond the grave a message alleged to be sent from an admired author to the effect that a friend should have her teeth put in order. May we not legitimately suppose that if a spirit can send so definite a message, he would send one of greater significance to the world, or even to his own intimates left behind therein?

**

Sir Henry Dickens, the Common Serjeant, has, at the age of 83, just bidden farewell to the Old Bailey. His passing words were: "Good-bye, good luck." "Good-bye, good luck." A few minutes earlier he had dealt with his last cases—those of two men who had been found guilty before him at the previous Session. He bound them both over, and so his "Goodbye, good luck," may have been meant for them also. That was the complete touch applied by the only surviving son of Charles Dickens.

**

IN TOWN

BY ELIZABETH TATCHELL

Fifty miles south of
This place where I sit,
Lieth the land
Of all Beauty and Wit.
All Laughter and all Wisdom
Had their birth
Under that grey rain
In that brown earth.
Here, like a stormy sea
Men come and go,
But they get no joy from
The things that I know.
Day after day they strive
Till they grow old;
They have not seen my fields
Buttercup gold.
O, I could weep for
The things they have not seen:
My daisied meadows
Spread out for a Queen.
My hidden orchards
Of cherry and of sloe;
My little dark woods
Where moon-daisies blow.
And when I go back there
As shall come to pass,
Loud, aloud will I laugh
To see the green grass.
O, the woods and the hills
That run to meet the sea,
They shall all clap their hands
And laugh aloud with me.

Scottish Nationalism : The Other Side

By G. F. Crosbie

THE article on Scottish Nationalism by Mr. George Pratt Insh, published in the *Saturday Review* of October 8th, represents not more than one school of opinion, and most probably a minor part of that school. And in other ways it is apt to mislead the reader who lives south of Scotland.

Judicial and dispassionate in tone, it is nevertheless—in dealing with a subject of such complexity—so unscientifically suave and facile as to give the impression that the writer is actuated by an elementary frustration of the ordinary political sort.

To explain the Scottish Renaissance, of which in your columns he has constituted himself a propagandist, Mr. Insh refers loosely to the heterogeneous influences of the World War, the Gaelic revival (such as it is), and the empty Clyde shipyards and derelict steelworks of the depression. It is a familiar habit of the Scottish Home Ruler to ignore mundane political causes when it so suits his sublime purpose, and Mr. Insh conforms faithfully to type. The "Progressive" nemesis of last October, together with its inevitable reactions, he obviously considers to be quite beneath his notice.

The Gladstonians

A calamity so overwhelming, with its promised sequel of a conservative sort of stability at Westminster over some years, necessarily provided certain schools of doctrinaire agitation with an influx of recruits from among the malcontent and the disgruntled. Yet long before last October the development of political Nationalism in Scotland was curiously inter-related with the decline of political Liberalism as an effective force. And to-day the National Party of Scotland, despite never-ceasing protestations to the contrary, is manned (and womanned, of course) mostly by the spiritual and physical descendants of Mr. Gladstone's chosen people. So closely does the new approximate to the old that when the party intervenes in a Tory-Labour Parliamentary contest it comes in at the foot of the poll like the now-obiterated Liberalism, with pretty much the same proportion of votes and the same chance of forfeiting the deposit.

Cold-shouldered by trades-union Labour, Scottish Nationalism is now looking hopefully to the mass of electors inclined to vote Conservative. A convenient bridge has been formed by a self-elected committee of "Moderates" figureheaded by the Duke of Montrose, whose associations with both Tory and Liberal parties at different times (and sometimes at the same time) would seem adequately to qualify him for the job. It is to this minor group that Mr. Insh has presumably attached himself.

The patriots of the National Party proper have naturally a good deal of hearty contempt for their

Laodicean friends, but they refuse no aid in their high mission of separating Scotland from England. The objectives and ideals, indeed, of the two factions are not very dissimilar. They derive inspiration from similar sources, and read the same portents in the political weather. Take, for example, Mr. Insh's evident pride in the achievement of Glasgow undergraduates a year ago when they elected Mr. Compton Mackenzie as the first Scottish Nationalist Rector of their University.

Gilbertian or Shavian?

Mr. Insh exercises the adroit restraint customary with Nationalists when alluding to this Gilbertian—or perhaps Shavian—event. For Mr. Compton Mackenzie happens to be an Englishman who was born and bred and educated in England, and who has paid Scotland the original compliment of adopting a Scottish surname and presumably a Scottish domicile. Moreover, as the apathy of at least half the electorate is an invariable concomitant of Scottish rectorials, Mr. Mackenzie was enabled to become Rector by the suffrages of less than eighteen per cent. of the matriculated students: for with five candidates competing for rectorial honours a: unwonted diffusion of votes was inevitable.

Again, in addition to the timely assistance of his Indian National constituents, Mr. Mackenzie as a Catholic had—according to the *Glasgow Herald*—"the Catholic vote in his pocket" (for it is in Glasgow with its half-million Irish population, and not in Edinburgh, that Nationalism had its beginnings and has its brightest prospects). Be that as it may Mr. Mackenzie was duly elected Rector after the ancient forms; and instantly declared that his victory was a portent of Nationalist triumphs at the imminent General Election.

The Lord Rector's political prescience was not infallible. Of the half-dozen or so Nationalist candidates several forfeited their deposits, though at least one was beaten by a Communist for the usual bottom place. In consequence the Secretary of the National Party threatened Scotland with some strange constitutional procedures—among other things to set up a "National Convention" and withdraw Scotland's representatives from the English-dominated Parliament at Westminster. Possibly he tried this out. That was a year ago. Perhaps Mr. Insh could help him to set about it successfully. In default of winning a by-election to the English-dominated Parliament it certainly seems the most sensible thing to do.

If your friends find difficulty in obtaining the *Saturday Review* from their newsagents, ask them to send a postcard to The Publisher, *Saturday Review*, 18-20 York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

MEALS CHEAP AND OTHERWISE (1)

A Soho Experiment

By H. Warner Allen. Illustrated by "Gaston"

MY friend Gaston, the Provençal artist, was in a mood as melancholy as the weather. Fate had taken him the day before to the English seaside, and the lunch he had eaten had not agreed with him.

"Mon cher," he said, "they gave me a—what do you call it?—a 'ash,' a 'ash' as pallid as a corpse, or the mudflat they called the *plage*, with gravy full of flour and on the cabbage-flour they had poured the *sauce blanche* which one buys in libraries in bottles ticketed Stickphast. I will say nothing as to the cheese and the coffee, but it would be a sin not to speak of the wine—*une boisson infecte*. I never tasted the like. Is there nowhere in this country where a man with a palate can eat and drink and enjoy himself without paying for his pleasure with the eyes of his head?"

Gaston was so cross and depressed that I did not dare to take him to an English restaurant. It scarcely seemed wise to introduce a Frenchman recently from France to one of his national restaurants set down in a foreign land. So I chose for him an Italian restaurant in Soho in an effort to prove that there was no need for a Frenchman with a little money in his purse to die of starvation in London.

Latins are not kind to one another, and my French friend sniffed rather contemptuously at the Italian cuisine. "At least," he admitted doubtfully, "they do not serve cadaverous 'ashes' in Italy."

The appearance of the head waiter with fierce black moustaches, which tempted his pencil, mollified his doubt, and the enthusiasm with which that worthy threw himself into the composition of a menu capable of wiping out the memory of "ashes" and mud-flats finally won his heart. Gaston asked for the waiter's signature and showered terms of endearment on him when he observed that the curl of the initial "G" was the perfect outline of the writer's shirt-front, as the reader may perceive from the sketch.

"You have done my sketch for me," he declared.

We began with "ravioli alla fiorentina," little squares of fresh "pasta" stuffed with spinach, cooked in fine olive oil.

"Good," said Gaston, "but the 'pasta' is not as perfect as that of Alfredo in the Via della Scrofa."

I too knew Alfredo's in Rome and begged him to wait a while.

There followed a "fritto misto" which was a work of art. The English "mixed grill" can be

an admirable dish, but it demands a certain fierceness of appetite and a reckless demand for nourishment, which my exiled Frenchman lacked for the moment. The "fritto misto" was far lighter and more tempting, for every one of its component parts melted in the mouth. It must have been Machiavelli who devised the scheme of concealing tempting morsels of meat and vegetables in a thin

mask of batter so that curiosity whets the taste; for until the teeth have broken the crust, one cannot be sure whether one is biting on something that would delight or shock a vegetarian.

Gaston smiled.

"Never," he declared, "have I tasted a better fritto misto—no, nowhere, not even in Italy."

We concluded with a Zabaglione which was a model of its kind, made in a special deep copper pot. Few things are of simpler composition—egg, sugar and a little Marsala—or depend more on the cook's skill and industry. They must be whipped together till they become of an ethereal consistency, so that it

would be a bold man who would swear that they were still liquid. Nothing is easier to swallow or more soothing to the palate.

Gaston was charmed, but he was a little uneasy as to the bill.

"The eyes of the head?" he enquired uneasily.

"It would be better English," I replied severely, "if you talked about paying through the nose."

A brief calculation enabled me to reassure him.

"Six shillings each," I replied, "and an extra ninepence for a special coffee."

* * *

With a flourish of satisfaction Gaston finished his sketch of the head waiter, and his content pleased me the more because I had made a mistake about the wine.

In its own place the white wine of Orvieto is a joy unalloyed which gives to the frescoes of Luca Signorelli in the Duomo a superhuman vigour and brilliance—but it will not travel. I had ordered Orvieto in London and deserved disappointment.

The food helped to obliterate this failure, which was quite forgotten when a really excellent Cognac served in glasses just of the right size—none of those gigantic goblets in which the ethers are drowned in common air or those tiny thimbles fit only for sugary liqueurs—accompanied a first-rate coffee.

I left Gaston singing in the street.



THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT

Old House or Modern Flat?

Modern Flat,—By G. CAMERON.

FOR me, the old house—to look at. There it stands, the Western sun lighting fires in its oriel windows and touching to burnished bronze the mellowness of its bricks. Rooks roost and cackle in the garden trees, and lawns smoothed out by years go down to the edge of the mysterious wood. Tudor chimney stacks and inner courtyard, emblazoned porch, with Queen Anne accessories which fit quite perfectly its scheme, and an austere graceful bulk, bring to the seeing eye the history which is its spiritual mortar. Here hearts were glad and sorry, fortunes made and lost and mended, duels fought, and calls to battle answered while the oaks and beeches grew and watched. Here in its bricks and panellings and armour and tapestry and paintings, in its vast dungeon of a kitchen and uneven floors and stairways which creak and mutter is the palimpsest of England's story, unfolded piece by piece from one generation to another. Here are strength and dignity and beauty, very good to look upon, to know, to visit.

But to live in—no. The thing is cumbersome, costly, inconvenient, and unhealthy. Miles of draughty passages, unexpected steps on which to break a leg, gaunt, bare, cold, forbidding barracks in the shape of rooms, serious portage of every plate and cup and saucer, centuries of musty, fusty, dirt and dust, centuries of passions and predicaments which poison half the air. You can, it is true, turn half the ancient stables into garages, and lay on water and make new bathrooms, put in electric light and central heating, remodel the rooms or change their uses, even insert a lift and use a dozen Hoovers. But when you have done all this—with or without disturbing and affronting the subtle influences of the past—you have spoiled beauty to achieve a scrappy comfort and increased inordinately that risk of fire and destruction which menaces the ancient dwelling place in country or in town.

Turn to the modern flat. It need not be ill to look at. It can and should be suited exactly to its purpose of comfort and convenience. Its rooms may be just as many, just as large, and just as lofty as you wish or can afford. Its equipment is new and efficient. No great retinue of domestic service is needed for care and maintenance. You push a button, turn a tap, press down (or up) a switch and the thing is almost done.

No guardians need stand about your door. You go out and come in, go away and come back without let, hindrance, thought or worry. No spirit of the past dogs your footstep, no years of grime seal the germs of disease, no make-shift compromise between old and new embraces the worst of two worlds.

Here shall you live in the easiest, cleanest, most comfortable, and least expensive way—all, so to speak, delivered in plain vans with an insurance against decay. And from your point of high advantage, you can gaze happily, but not enviously, at the visual loveliness of the old house.

Old House,—By J. DEFFELL.

IS this question seriously put? I wonder. Or does the indecorous tongue stretch out the gently insolent cheek? Was ever such a piece of inane jobbery as "Modern Flats"! I know some people who live in one of the newest "luxury" flats: sound-proof walls, of course. The only quiet spot in the place is a room directly overlooking a great thoroughfare along which traffic never ceases to hustle. For why? The walls of the flat may be impervious (relatively) to noise, but there are windows. Windows through which come the cannonade of gramophone, wireless, cocktail parties. There are ceilings, ceilings that resound to the tread of the softest slipped foot and re-echo the cascade of dental hygiene.

And such as these are the best. There have also been sound-proof walls within the last year or two that, for every note of neighbours' cackle they kept out, let in a myriad insects. There have been others whose walls split. What does not go wrong in flats? The lift that always refuses to work for a specially important guest or the accoucheur, the indolent or sulky night porter, the nasty manners of your neighbour, whose delight is to irritate you with his inferior tobacco and imbecile giggle.

Then take rents. A dull, dark building with low ceilings, small rooms, skimpy passages, human rabbit warren if ever there was one, and for five or six rooms in it you will be expected, if in central London, to pay from £250 to £350 a year. There are better ones, dearer, but below £200 you will be lucky to be offered something barely distinguishable from a tenement. Whereas in many good quarters of the town—St. John's Wood, the Ladbrooke Square area, Pimlico, Chelsea—you may find (by diligence in your search, but nothing is got without that) a six, eight, or even ten-roomed house built from eighty to a hundred, or more, years ago, whose rooms are spacious and ceilings lofty, for a sum, including rates with rent and a proportion of the amount spent on repairs, of £200 per annum or even less. You can even buy a house of this size, freehold, for the capital representing about the same yearly expenditure! It is notorious that big houses can be had cheap, but I speak of the smaller article that can be worked with a couple of servants—just the number you will need for comfortable life in a flat.

Let no one think that life in an "old house" need be uncomfortable. It needs a quite moderate expenditure of capital to install central heating, thus having your rooms and passages at a uniform temperature, and a hot water "domestic" boiler instead of the primitive open gas fire, with its invariable headache, icy passages, and maid-carried jugs still to be found in almost all flats but the most expensive. In addition to which you are your own master, and can keep cat or dog without having to plunge down a prison-like main staircase to let them out, morning and night.

Might-Have-Been Affairs

Mr. Gandhi in Charge. By C. E. Bechhofer Roberts

WHATEVER faults his pettifogging critics may claim to discover in Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as International Socialist and National Socialist, they cannot deny that in both capacities he steadfastly worked for the independence of India. We all recall how, before he went to the House of Lords as Viscount Lossiemouth, he summoned conference after conference of Indian representatives to London and, though they never reached any agreement, always saved their face by congratulating them on the progress they had achieved; then he would issue a statement of Government policy, specifying and endorsing this progress, and summon another conference to discuss the next step.

At last the hour struck when he could announce to the House of Commons that the government of India had been handed over to Mr. Gandhi—"than whom and his co-leagues," proclaimed the Prime Minister, "no more progressive Mahatmas ever trod this airth." Mr. Baldwin, who spoke next, expressed his delight. "We have won the toss and put Mr. Gandhi in to bat," he said, adding with a characteristic touch of caution, "I am not quite sure which side he is on, but what does it matter so long as he makes the runs?"

Nothing But Love

Mr. Gandhi at once announced his policy. He was going to rule by love, whole love and nothing but love, he said. In order to minimise jealousy and strife among his compatriots, he added, he had invited some friendly and well qualified Englishmen to assist him, to whom he gave somewhat unusual titles as earnest of the new government's outlook. Thus Lord Irwin was to be Minister for Love, and preside over all inter-communal negotiations. The Marquis of Lothian, as Minister for Hope, would be in charge of the democratic elections. Lord Parmoor, as Secretary for Faith, would manage the peninsula's finance in a brotherly spirit. Minor posts were allotted to Miss Slade and other European and American disciples of the Mahatma. Then, after opening the prisons—because they were incompatible with the ideals of the new State—Mr. Gandhi selected the slayer of an English magistrate as head of his "love-children," as the Mahatma called the new police force. "Does not each and every philosophy," asked Mr. Gandhi, "instruct us that maximum result is only obtained when like is set to like, such as thief to catch thief? Ergo, how sure when murderer is set to catch murderer!"

One of Mr. Gandhi's first administrative measures was to dissolve Congress. In reply to its leaders' protests, the Mahatma told them that he and India were like a newly-wed couple and that surely not even the best loved relatives would wish to disturb the connubial intimacies. He promised them that he and his ministers would pray for them at least three times a day, and forbade the press to publish any account of what he termed

"these domestic twitterings." Congress, however, continued its protests until the presence of a Mohammedan political gathering in an adjacent building turned its thoughts in another direction.

Mr. Gandhi attended the funeral of the victims and declared in a speech heard in awed silence by thousands of admiring listeners, that the ways of Providence were inscrutable but full of love. Lord Irwin then recited a poem specially written for the occasion by Rabindranath Tagore, whom Mr. Gandhi had just appointed Love-Lyricist Laureate.

Its first verse, which is known to-day wherever Mr. J. C. Squire edits anthologies, was as follows:

Brother, what are we?

Listen, and I will tell you.

We are moonbeams shining through the leaves of the banyan-tree on the fifth evening of the harvest-moon;

We are lotus-blossoms worn in the hair of a best loved wife after she has borne three children (two twins and ANOTHER);

We are winged ants flying round the lighted windows of a sub-divisional post-office.

Why do you still ask what we are, brother?

Never mind; I will tell you.

We are physical and spiritual, we are palpable and untouchable, we are stuff and nonsense.

What are we, brother?

We are love!

A series of tiffs—Mr. Gandhi refused to call them riots—broke out in Lahore, Lucknow and Calcutta, and forced him to take reluctant action; he ordered the participants to arrest one another. But at this moment the untouchables in the south of India began to prove to their own satisfaction that twice-born Brahmins were only human after all, and the Mahatma, after spending a day in silent prayer, cabled to Mr. MacDonald to send back the English troops who had been shipped out of the country. It was not, he explained, that he dreamed of setting them again to their old tasks of brutal repression, but he wanted to allow his more sceptical fellow-countrymen to learn to appreciate the soldiers' human virtues at first hand. Before the troops returned, however, a new twist was given to the situation in the north.

The frontier tribes, doubtless envying the bliss of Mr. Gandhi's subjects, poured into India in force. The Amir of Afghanistan, eager (as he stated) to have his subjects share the blessings of enlightened liberty, sent a large army with them. The arrivals, warmly welcomed by their co-religionists in the Punjab, summoned all their fellows through the country to adopt Mr. Gandhi's gospel of love and to begin by releasing their dear Hindu, Jain, Parsi, Sikh, Animist and Christian brethren from the cruel bondage of wealth and terrestrial existence. When his proselytes arrived to pay homage at Mr. Gandhi's frugal headquarters in Bombay, the Mahatma was no longer there. He had left India for a cruise in a British warship, in order, as he explained, to see if even sailors could love.

Why People Do Not Go To Church

By The Rev. A. S. Reeve

IF the parish priest goes into his church shortly before the two minutes' silence on Armistice Day, he cannot fail to be impressed by what he sees there. For, if his parish be situated in a town, he will almost certainly find hundreds of people gathered together to pay their tribute to the memory of those who died in the Great War; and, as he looks at this throng, he will pick out some familiar faces, which he sees Sunday by Sunday in church. But the majority are strangers. They enter the church for that two minutes' silence, but the chances are that they will not come again at any other time in the year.

Why is this? It must surely be the greatest and most formidable problem which confronts the parish priest as he goes to work in his parish. What is to be done about it? How can the Church make contact with them once more?

Undoubtedly, the reason why they do not come to church is a very simple one—they just do not want to. They do not feel the least need or obligation to do so, and much prefer to go out in the car, or to visit the cinema, or to indulge in some other form of amusement, of which so many are close at hand on a Sunday in these days. Some churches try to keep pace with these attractions by running counter-attractions; toy services or flower services, or by getting well-known preachers who preach on unusual subjects with amazing titles, or by maintaining large and expensive choirs which give lengthy concerts at nearly every service, or by putting up a large advertisement.

Perilous "Stunts"

This sort of thing is all very well, but it seems to be inclined to start at the wrong end. The whole aim and object of this policy is to get people to church *somehow*, but the motives which take them there cannot be described as being altogether the correct ones. For in such cases as these they come either to see or hear something special, and that is not a true reason for coming to church. Undoubtedly it is right to have these special services occasionally, for the regular church-goer naturally likes some variety; but if the Church uses these "stunts" as the chief means whereby it tries to attract outsiders, it is going perilously near to running a place of entertainment which may compete (and sometimes not too successfully) with the cinemas and so on, the only difference being that, while the latter make a charge for admission, the Church does not, but merely passes round an offertory-bag.

If, on the other hand, the services are just the ordinary ones from the Prayer Book, without any frills or fancies, then we hear the complaint that they are boring and unsuited to the needs of the present day. Whatever are we to do?

In our search for the right weapon it may well be the case that if we recall the Church's first campaign, immediately after the first Whitsunday, we

shall find that the weapon with which she advanced to the attack then is the one which ought to be used to-day. When it is remembered that our Lord left behind Him on this earth only a few people who believed in Him, but that, in spite of the smallness of their numbers, in a few years Christianity was a by-word throughout the Roman Empire, then it becomes clear that the achievements of the Early Church were quite literally extraordinary, and that the methods which she used must have been extremely effective.

The "Mysterious Something"

Surely the clue to the whole secret is to be found in the meaning of the word "Gospel"—the "Good News" which was proclaimed in the Name of Christ. What the first Christians did was to persuade the heathen world that they possessed something new and something good, which was really worth having and which other people hadn't got. And the heathen, a prey to depression as are many people to-day, looked at these Christians, and saw that this mysterious something was making all the difference in their lives, giving them balance and poise and hope instead of despair and unbridled licence ("self-expression" is one name for it to-day), and they wanted to have it, too. In other words, it was brought home to them that they were in desperate need, although they had not previously realised it, and they found that the Gospel message could satisfy that need.

The mysterious quality which the Christians had was spiritual joy, springing from the realisation of the existence of an all-loving Father Who was ever-present with them, and from the consciousness of the possibility of victory over sin. This joy was no mere transient emotion, like pleasure or happiness, but a deep-seated, settled state of mind, which persisted in spite of all earthly trials, sorrows and disappointments. They were the best fitted to face this life, because they had learnt the secret of other-worldliness. And if those at the present time who take their religion seriously can capture this wonderful quality, by rigid self-discipline and "the practice of the Presence of God," then, not only will they find reserves of strength which will enable them to face difficulties bravely, and find how to live in the fullest and best sense of the word, but also they will cause others to want to have this outlook upon life; and, once those who are now outside organised religion start to *want*, indifference is dead. If only that could be brought about, then our churches would no longer be half-empty, or full of people who have come in the manner of the old Athenians "to hear something new," but full of the members of the great family of God, who have come together into their Father's House to offer Him their worship and praise.

Other articles in this series appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW on Sept. 10th, 17th, 24th, and October 1st, and 8th.

Red or Black Letter Days

The Power of the Dog—By Guy C. Pollock

PERSONALLY I am not at all sure about the colour of the letters. I thought it a disappointing, fractious, inefficient sort of day. But when I put it in these terms to one of the others—and he not the most incurable optimist among us—he chided me for a sort of ingrate and protested that it had been a most enjoyable day. His "most" was, I am sure, hyperbole, but the rest seemed cheerful and contented. So I suppose that I only thought meanly of it because I was caught by a personal spasm of bad shooting.

Bestly selfish of me—as you observe quite properly. Yet there were other reasons and they were due to the previous delinquencies of Ah Wong, dit Winkle, the Pekingese.

The Art of Forgiveness

On Friday evening Winkle was playing with a ridiculous little rubber dog which is her latest affectation, and the lady whom she adores bent to take it from her. From the small throat of Winkle then issued the growls of a great dog—which amused me—and these, without provocation, were followed by the ill-tempered snarlings of a lion. So I lost my temper also and I went to Winkle and I took away the plaything and when she snarled again I cuffed her three times on the side of her mouth, good and hard. It is all very well to say that Pekingese are apt to be ill-tempered and that they are so royal that they hate being thwarted. But we are all like that, if fate allows it. Fate should not, and this time I was fate.

After I had cuffed her, Winkle lay where she was on the drawing-room floor, and I thought she was sulking. But she wasn't. When the dear lady or others spoke to her she would not listen. She would only look at me with enormous eyes in which were shame, a little bewilderment, and a very great unhappiness. Wherever she was put, whatever was said to her (after a decent period in a canine Coventry) Winkle still turned these same eyes on me—about whom she does not greatly care. So I had to put away my book and take Winkle on my lap (which she finds bifurcated and uncomfortable) and tell her that, ill-conditioned as her conduct had been, I also forgave her. And, of course, the evening only settled down to peace when Winkle, the overcoming, the autocratic, the shockingly astute, had forgiven me!

Being a Simpleton

That is the worst of dogs. They have, like attractive women, this genius for turning everything upside down and putting you in the wrong when, by any standard of sanity, you are in the right. Supposing that you are that kind of simpleton which really loves a dog, it would be impossible to chastise them severely unless you had lost your temper. But, then, and quite obviously, a dog should never be beaten by a man unless his temper is cool and critical. When you do beat them they either try to bite you in some sort of

"*crise des nerfs*" or regard you with a haughty indifference which is disconcerting. And once the whip is put away, the dearest of them will jump on you and lick your hand—which is shame-making, revolting, and almost intolerable. So Winkle was true to form.

Well, that was somehow not a good preparation for the next day. Perfectly proper as I knew my cuffings to have been and in no whit harsh or hard, Winkle had made me feel rather like the miscreant who has murdered, in a frenzy of petty pique, his aunt's blind orphan adopted daughter. And in case you should not understand how that could put me off a day's shooting twelve hours later, I still can't say fairer than that.

Besides, there was trouble between the cars and the lane that has been churned to almost impassable mud and ruts by a traction engine. Only a week or so ago I had heated myself to fevers trying, with the help of a friendly farmer, sacks, faggots and muscular exertion, to extricate my car from the mud, and the lane displeased me. And then the first beat was blank, I missed an old cock at the second and when we came to the roots I was on the edge of gloom. I last had a brief look at these roots on the last day of September and they were full of pheasants, splendidly-grown wild pheasants, which returned to, as they had come from, the no-man's-land just over the boundary. Were they in the roots on Saturday? Only a few of them. And when these, with the partridges, had gone to the rough stuff and the young plantation, according to plan, could any efforts disgorge them? Not any efforts.

Cocks and Cunning

No. Whatever the rest may say, the conduct of birds was reprehensible on Saturday. There was a cock, there were two cocks in the copse after lunch on whom be curses. One came running out to where I walked as beater's gun and ran in again, and ran down between all the beaters and ran out behind and got up and flew away at an immense height with a defiant crow. The other ran down the edge in sight of three waiting guns and hid himself in a bush and was thence spirited away in the manner of the best conjurers. And this is not January but October. Consider, also, the low cunning of partridges, so that two large coveys managed to pass almost simultaneously over two guns, the first covey shedding three birds and the second having a safe journey while the guns were unloaded. Was it collusion? Had the coveys drawn lots for the post of honour and peril?

At all events, we had, as I thought, little luck or not enough good management. But I will agree that it was a very pleasant day, with the leaf turning and the colours coming out and some lovely views and no need for the Burberry or the trouserines of mackintosh. So there was really no need to feel bloodthirsty about it.

Christopher Wren

By E. Benford Chancellor

ON October 20th, 1632, Christopher Wren was born at East Knoyle, in Wiltshire; on February 25th, 1723, he was found, like Lord Macaulay, sitting in his accustomed chair in his library at Hampton Court, dead, after returning from London on his last annual visit to St. Paul's to contemplate his masterpiece, and perhaps to dream of the lets and disappointments that had attended its conception and completion. We have had many eminent architects from the time of Thorpe downwards, but two names stand out more prominently than the rest—those of Wren and Inigo Jones.

Very different, however, have been the fates of these two great men. The one is represented in London by the innumerable spires of the churches he designed or re-created, dominated by the great cathedral which at once crowns the city and the achievement of its designer. Of the work of the other little remains in the metropolis save the fragment of the splendid palace he visualised at Whitehall, and a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the sole relic of a comprehensive scheme he adumbrated for the development of that "quadrate."

Elsewhere it is the same: Oxford and Cambridge, Chelsea, Hampton Court, and Greenwich (where his work has outsoared that of the earlier architect) contain innumerable evidences of Wren's genius and versatility, while what Inigo Jones created outside the city is restricted to certain great country mansions where his exquisite work has in more than one instance been stultified by that of later and inferior men.

Fame and Disappointment

We have become accustomed in recent years to the commemoration of anniversaries, and the death of a celebrity has come to be thus signalled in the same way as his birth. But it is obviously the latter which alone deserves such a celebration, and this week those who care for the memory of our past great ones have been busy in recording the tercentenary of Wren's entrance into a world which was to be for him one of fame, allied to much that was disappointing and even heart-breaking.

It is generally the fate of the eminent either to be over-applauded during their life-time and neglected after their death, or to spend years of unrewarded effort and wonderingly (one supposes) to find themselves the subjects of posthumous laudation. Wren, however, was among those who have tasted something of both experiences, for during a long and amazingly active career he gradually became famous; while later times have awarded him a meed of praise which not even changed ideas in architecture have been capable of diminishing.

Nor is his fame merely national, for he thus takes his place with Newton and Locke, Shakespeare and Milton among the great ones of the world.

Those who may not have made themselves familiar with the life of Wren, may wonder what

were the disappointments to which he was subjected, and to which allusion has been made. They were various. In the first place his own favourite design for St. Paul's did not commend itself to the authorities; then toward the end of that mighty undertaking all sorts of difficulties, due to a variety of causes, balked him, and his latter years were embittered by the petty jealousies of smaller men and of a less far-sighted officialdom. But even beyond this must have been the lifelong regret with which he remembered how his vast scheme for the reconstruction of that enormous portion of the city destroyed by the Great Fire, had been turned down, and that unique opportunity for creating a splendid London, intersected by fine thoroughfares and full of noble buildings, lost for ever. Only an architect can, I suppose, realise the feeling with which his greatest British predecessor must have seen the old narrow streets still being permitted to surround the glorious structure he was raising in the midst of a city of which he dreamed such a 'different apotheosis.'

One can only hope that that ardent spirit, even if it does not see eye to eye with all our new architectural efforts, looks with satisfaction, from the Elysian Fields, on the improvement in town planning which is at long last making of London a city worthy of itself.

In York Minster

Duskily stately, in the day's dim ending,
Gleam the embrasures of the fretted stone,
Out of the pillared peace above me bending,
Gathers a sanctity. I sit alone. . .

Forests of fan-like groining, clear up-springing,
Carry a spread of darkness in the height—
As tho' man's aspiration skyward flinging—
Curving in benediction into night. . .

Patterned mosaic filtering the rays
Of evening to a softly glowing peace. . .
And tracery . . . and dark mysterious ways
By which th' up-stretching spirit finds
[release. . .

A balanced beauty! Studied interplay
Of strain and pressure, thrust and counter—
[thrust—

Yet shall the obsequies of ages lay
Earth unto earth again, and dust to dust.

Ah! When the Spirit of Man shall rise and shatter
The soul's illusion with awakening kiss,
Shall we not learn how That which moulded matter
Into so exquisite a form as this

Builted thereby, in seeming nescience,
Beauty Itself, time never can assail,
Of which the loveliness that here we sense
Is but a shadow on a moving veil?

FRANCIS ENGLEHEART.

THEATRE

By JOHN POLLOCK

Wyndham's Theatre. Service. By C. L. Anthony.

THIS is a fine play, an English play, a play about English people and thought and life. It is a play about this great slump of ours, real without being depressing, optimistic without sloshy sentimentalism. And it has an honest-to-God happy finish—none of your weary Russian or German wandering towards a tailless tail. The sort of stuff, in fine, that will do everyone good to go and see, bright and clever enough to keep the intellectual as well as the blasé playgoer thinking of naught throughout his evening other than the play before him.

"Service" is clever. It is written with the light of special information about its subject, which is the life of a large stores, the author's pseudonym hiding, it is said, the identity of the head of a department in one such. The handling of the subject is therefore vivid and the characters behave as one might expect them naturally to do. But there is more than this in it, for "Service" bears the stamp of a strong and perfectly conscious intelligence that knows whither it would go and what road to take. There is fun in it a-plenty, and the pleasantries arise, as it should, quite simply out of the situation itself instead of being dragged in by the heels.

The main trouble, perhaps the only trouble, with C. L. Anthony is that the hero of "Service"—Gabriel Service, son, grandson and great-grandson of Services who have been silk mercers and drapers and sellers of lace and velvet for two hundred years in the shadow of St. Martin's-in-the-Meadows and leading merchants in the City of London—is not quite up to the reputation attributed to him in the play. For Gabriel Service is described not only as active head of the firm of Service's, two other partners with him, but as the "creative organiser" who has turned the business from an old-fashioned, steady-going concern into a grand emporium capable of being spoken of in the same breath with other household words of modern shopping. This is a bill that Gabriel Service does not properly fill: he is gentlemanly, sympathetic, intelligent, charming, but he betrays no sign of possessing a master mind, even on a small scale, and Mr. Leslie Banks who plays the part and displays all the above qualities, does nothing to supply the defect as various actors who come to mind might have done.

Service's is going through a bad time. For nine months before the beginning of the play sales have dropped; for fifteen more during its action they go on dropping. The axe is at work. On the curtain's rise we learn that ten men are struck off the pay roll, and see Timothy Benton, with ten years unblemished record behind him, follow them. We see Benton's home, with his girl and boy just grown up and barely at work, hit endwise by the shock. We see, too, Gabriel's home and his young, hard, pleasure-loving second wife, patently false to him and in furious conflict with her step-

daughter, Caroline, a few years only younger than herself. Caro adores her father, but neither she nor her brother Michael let on to him their keenness about the success of the shop which is his life. Such is the way of youth to-day, and not a bad way too: "people talk such a lot," says Michael.

So Gabriel, ignorant of his children's interest, and to supply his viperish wife with money, decides, as the very bottom appears to be falling out of Service's, to accept the wretched offer of an upstart suburban firm with the motto "Every floor's the bargain floor" and sell out. Two things occur to stop him. Isobel, his wife, learning of the smash but not of the proposed sale, goes off to spend the night openly with her lover, and the children, who do learn it, stand up and protest. Their protest is strongly backed by old Benton, whose home, wilting under the cyclone of his dismissal, has marvellously recovered, for is not Mrs. Benton a baker's daughter, and does not she set to and supply their neighbourhood with the tastiest teacakes and dainties ever seen? Gabriel takes heart once more, sends the upstart firm to the dickens and is rewarded by news that very afternoon of a general 5 per cent. recovery of business at Service's. He is further enlightened by the complete discovery of his wife's worthlessness.

From start to finish "Service" goes with a click. If Mr. Banks follows his lines too closely, and if Mr. J. H. Roberts, as Benton, is also, according to his habit we must say, underkeyed, the play is pulled into an atmosphere of keenness by the vivid acting of the younger contingent—Miss Joyce Kennedy as Isobel (who looks divine in a fabulous evening frock), Ann Todd, deliciously bumptious as Caro, and Messrs. Jack Hawkins and Tony Halfpenny as the Service and Benton Boys. "Service" is remarkably well staged and affords capital entertainment.

The Queen's Progress, Mr. Laurence Housman's series of sketches dealing with the reign of Queen Victoria has been produced by the author at Street in Somerset, no money being taken at the doors, since a license for public performance had been refused by the Lord Chamberlain. Mr. Housman's work, which was favourably reviewed last week in the book columns of the *Saturday Review*, is of high interest; that however is not to say that it is a fine stage play, and it is improbable that the public loses much by not seeing it freely performed. It is, we think, regrettable that Mr. Housman should voice his annoyance at the Lord Chamberlain with bitterness. Much of the justice in the charges brought in past times against the censorship has fallen to the ground owing to its present humane administration. Mr. Housman's grievance is in reality against the slowness of the British public to treat the theatre seriously. The only alternative to the system in being would be constant interference by Watch Committees and busybodies. Control from above is manifestly better than from below, and the best to be hoped, as things are, is a reasonable control such as we actually have.

The Truth About Spain

By A Saturday Reviewer in Castile

PRECONCEIVED ideas about Spain, behind which there bulk largely such anachronistic features as the Inquisition, Bourbon character and behaviour in the 18th century and the expulsion of the Jews and Moors in the 15th century, have caused a picture of Republican Spain to be depicted and largely accepted abroad, which is as far removed from the truth as the ideas on which it is based are distant in time from modern Spain.

This fallacious picture depicts a republican Government formed by moderate and liberal men, which has heralded into an oppressed and tyrannised country a glorious new regime of Parliamentary and representative government accompanied by freedom of speech, freedom of the press and religious freedom.

Far from this being the case, the Parliament consists almost entirely of people belonging to the political parties of the extreme left, who do not represent a majority of the Spanish people, and the government is the same self-appointed clique of revolutionaries, who captured the power and got themselves confirmed in it by elections, which have been severely criticised for the manner in which they were conducted.

The Press and Religion

Freedom of the press can hardly be said to exist, for newspapers are constantly either suspended or fined; in fact, many Conservative newspapers have been completely suppressed for over a month.

As regards religious freedom, the actions of the Government have rather the appearance of religious persecution. In England religious freedom has the meaning that all the many Christian sects and other religions have equal liberty to exercise their respective cults without interference. This has also been the case in Spain ever since 1876, but there the situation is quite different from that in England, for to all intents and purposes there is only one sect of the Christian faith in Spain, the Roman Catholic, many of whose churches and convents have been burnt to the ground while the government looked on, one of whose religious orders—the Jesuits—have been expelled and all their possessions confiscated, and whose religious education the government are substituting by secular and non-religious education.

The doctrines and practice of the present Government are essentially those of advanced Marxian Socialism and progressively revolutionary, until they have reached their present climax in the recently passed agrarian law, which confiscates estates of nobles merely because they hold the title of Grandees of Spain and for no other expressed reason. This law has been capped by a further advance on the Soviet road by the issuing of a decree establishing forced labour on the confiscated estates.

The treatment of the nobility, officers and gentry, who have recently been deported to a pestiferous spot near the equator in a dirty old cargo boat for their real or supposed complicity in the Sanjurjo plot of August, is very near to persecution and torture, especially when it is remembered that they have had no trial by the Courts of Justice, but are deported and their goods confiscated by the orders of a tribunal, set up by Parliament, which has thus converted itself into a convention.

It may not be far from the present situation to the picture of Madame Defarge knitting into her work the names of her future victims.

As regards the regime which the Republic substituted, which has been depicted as one of tyranny and oppression, the truth is quite different, for there has seldom been a period in Spanish history when there was so much general liberty, and when the ordinary citizen could go about his business with greater freedom than during the dictatorship of General Primo de Rivera.

The enthusiast for democracy may find such a fact unpalatable, but it is none the less true. That same regime took Spain to the height of her prosperity, both spiritual and material, and gave her a period of industrial activity and of contentment among all classes such as had not been known before, and the contrast will only be fully realised by the proletariat as the effects of the present want of security and confidence, stagnant business and withdrawal of capital make themselves known more and more through unemployment and loss of wages.

AUTUMN LEAVES

(By a poet who counts.)

The leaves are falling, falling,
The trees are getting bare,
To me its just appalling
That no one seems to care!

In parks and open spaces
In rusty heaps they lie,
And men with vacant faces
Unheeding pass them by.

The numbers keep on mounting
By thousands every day,
But no one thinks of counting
Before they're swept away.

To High-brows and to Mystics
Numbers have no appeal,
But lovers of statistics
Will know just how I feel.

But what's the use of grumbling?
I'll never know, I fear,
How many leaves come tumbling
From London's trees each year!
W.H.B.

Mr. Baldwin's Shoes

By The Saturday Reviewer

"**N**OTHING extenuate, nor ought set down in malice" and if I am allowed to consider further the leadership of the Conservative Party the quotation will remain in my mind. Mr. Baldwin, it was said last week, remains leader because the myth goes that "there is no one else." When the myth began it had, perhaps, rather more foundation than it has to-day. Alternatives were there, but either in the background or in the making. A few of them may be considered briefly and, certainly, dispassionately.

There is, of course, Mr. Neville Chamberlain. It is probably true that a punctilious sense of honour and a tremendous addiction to good form (qualities or, if you will, defects observed also in Sir Austen) would prevent Mr. Chamberlain from taking the leadership, so long as Mr. Baldwin stood up in his boots. But no man can resist an obvious call to responsibility and Mr. Chamberlain's scruples do not put him out of the picture. His cleverness is unquestioned, his knowledge and experience are redoubtable; he has decision and a good deal of strength; he commands respect and is effective both in the House and on the platform; there is no lingering doubt about the Conservatism of his mind.

The Discard

Why, then, might he be discarded? Because successful leadership, in enterprises small or great, calls for other qualities; above all, for that personal magnetism which books cannot teach nor experience provide, which is the gift of the Gods. And, definitely, Mr. Neville Chamberlain lacks these qualities. It is not only possible but easy to be beguiled by his conversation and respectful of his views without feeling for a moment any hint of a temptation to follow him to what seems Hell and be quite pleased about it. He was a caustic and unkindly wit who averred that "if a vein of Neville's were severed it would gush iced water." But the saying shows the possible reason for a discard.

There are three Lords. There is Lord Hailsham who, if he had been more ambitious, if life had dealt him a slightly different hand, if he had never been Lord Chancellor, might well be (built or building as they say of ships) Sir Douglas Hogg, Prime Minister and leader of the Conservative Party. But, attractive as is his personality, keen as is his mind, and strong as may be his character, Lord Hailsham has not that unrivalled eminence of intellect and personality, which could alone justify the experiment of a Peer Prime Minister. And it would be absurd to consider a Conservative leader outside his setting as Prime Minister.

Lord Lloyd's name has been, from time to time, on many lips when these issues have been discussed, and he is, perhaps, a "might-have-been." The brusquerie of manner or manners that is sometimes charged against him is no bar, and

personal contact with him reveals or unveils a personal magnetism exercised either by intellect or by charm, as he wills it. But there is here some flaw of weakness, indecision, or moodiness—strange as such words may sound in this connection—which would make his candidature, supposing that it existed, less serious than it ought to be, even though he be a peer.

"Max"

Lord Beaverbrook—laugh, if you must, but do not underestimate Lord Beaverbrook. Wash out all the claptrap of self-praise, praise and condemnation, and consider the real thing. Here is a mind that has no equal in rapidity and clarity; here is a judgment only overturned by an uncontrollable urge to pull up the seedling in order to discover how the plant is thriving; here are tenacity and courage and a mind's eye which pierces the supposedly dark minds of others; here is a human enigma which is always human, a small but wiry frame, and always "fire in the belly." No bad make-up for a modern leader of the Conservative Party. But Max Aitken chose first other conquests. He made and kept a fortune, he bought and owns a noisy Press, he has become a Peer of the Realm. These triumphs, especially the Press, withhold from him that different prize which he might conceivably have carried off.

There are at least two younger sons of the party, Mr. Duff Cooper and Major Walter Elliot. The former has undeniable talents and a brilliant—too brilliant?—wife. But those who press his claims are compelled to over-write his testimonial. Few things are impossible, but as leader he seems at present one of the few. Major Elliot is otherwise. His peril is that all speak well of him and he has only now been given the real chance to show himself. But if half the good spoken of him be true, here is a very likely candidate and, God willing, a great and powerful and upright custodian of a Cause.

And "Winston"

Now let us consider Mr. Winston Churchill—as dispassionately as may be. First, to be rid of prejudice. Mr. Churchill is a political turn-coat, his ambition is wholly selfish, he is sound and fury signifying little, he unmasks in an opposition raging passions extremely detrimental to that air of almost non-partisan aloofness, even indifference, in which we are supposed to wish our affairs to be conducted. He is wayward, impulsive, and incalculable; brilliant but unsound; with flashes of genius but without judgment or fixity of purpose. Indeed? So they say, and some of the sayings are true, some partially true, some wholly false.

Even if they were all true, what then? More and more during the last year or so Mr. Churchill has been the true clear spokesman of the Con-

servative mind on all important issues, and his political position has been strengthened, not weakened, by non-inclusion in Cabinet or Government. It was often said of Lord Northcliffe during the War that he said the right thing at the wrong time and in the wrong way. As if there could be a wrong time for saying the right thing, which others either had not perceived or were too timid to say! Anyhow there is a likeness between the actions of the two men. Moreover, Winston Churchill has not had the experience of power and responsibility which has often "curbed the liberal hand, subservient proudly." He has hot and cold courage, he keeps his word when it is given, he upholds his adjutants, and no one doubts the magnetism which can subject a person or sway a mob. If he has no chance of leadership—perhaps he has not, perhaps he has—it is not because he is still a stripling at fifty-eight, or because his flaming handicaps really outweigh his flaming claims, but because another myth goes that "Winston would never do."

Here, then, are some possibles, probables, or improbables, among or outside whom we shall find a man to lead us for at least two decades. It is not true that "there is no one else." There are others, of whom no one has thought, as no one thought of Bonar Law, as little expected as Stanley Baldwin was himself. To imagine otherwise would be to assert that if the whole of the Cabinet came to a sudden death, its party would not survive the tragedy. It would be to admit the absurd and untenable heresy of indispensability.

PHILOSOPHER AND SPHINX

Son of the Morning: A Portrait of Friedrich Nietzsche. By Edward J. O'Brien. Cape, 10s. 6d.

THIS is a most satisfying critical biography in English of the wild genius who wrote "Zarathustra" and "The Will to Power," and who pictured himself as the Sovereign or Superman of his waking dreams, Dionysius or Christ or a reincarnation of both, and finally as God. Actually Nietzsche was a poet rather than a philosopher, an artist rather than a thinker, and his work will live as rhapsody rather than argument. His personal life and his contacts with Wagner will probably have more permanent interest than his alleged system; for it has long been a puzzle whether the delusion of grandeur from which he suffered, and which finally overwhelmed him, was primarily psychological or pathological.

Mr. O'Brien attempts to clear up that point by reference to the early influence of Schopenhauer and the alternate attraction and repulsion of the German war-spirit during and after 1870, and no doubt these things had their effect on a mind which although fine and sensitive and fluid, was lacking both in ballast and balance. But probably more must be attributed to his passion for Cosima Wagner, who seems simply to have played with him in the interests of the greater Richard; and it may at least be suggested that his frustration in that direction was psychologically compensated by the later illusions of power which certainly grew upon him after his rejection.

FILMS

BY MARK FORREST

The Flag Lieutenant. Directed by Henry Edwards. Tivoli.

Leap Year. Directed by Tom Walls. New Gallery.

Jack's The Boy. General Release.

"THE Flag Lieutenant" has always been what is known as "sure fire," and Mr. Edwards has made a good job of it in its new guise, for not only has he directed it soundly but, as the hero, he gives an extremely well balanced performance. The rest of the acting, if one excepts Louis Goodrich who invests the admiral with plenty of life, is not so distinguished, and Anna Neagle, who came into prominence in "Goodnight Vienna," is distinctly disappointing.

The naval background has been reproduced with a depth that gives the story a real setting, but the crowd scenes are inclined to be muddled and, though Arabs do make strange noises, there is rather too much strangeness about the concatenation which accompanies this discomfiture at the hands of the Royal Navy. The picture, too, would run smoother with a couple of hundred feet cut out of it; on the whole, however, Mr. Edwards has acquitted himself very well.

A Welcome Change

The story is in the brave tradition, which should prove a welcome change to cinema-goers who have had a surfeit of crook dramas and bed-time triangles, and it is pleasant to meet old comrades in the shapes of the girl who believes in her man and the man who won't let down his best friend. It is easy enough to make fun of this kind of story, but neither the authors nor Mr. Edwards make the mistake of standing too long on the soft pedal. The result is a film which should have a wide appeal.

The other important new picture this week is "Leap Year" which goes to the New Gallery. It is directed by Mr. Walls, and the moment one says that most people will know what to expect. Every film which Mr. Walls directs suffers from the same faults because he is only content to evolve his stories along theatre lines, and to use his camera much in the same way as a small boy does when he takes the weekly family snapshot.

"Leap Year" is no exception, but in this case the result is definitely tedious. Before, his families have been amusing, but this time the group is dull. Neither is that the only drawback. What Ralph Lynn may tackle with impunity, Mr. Walls cannot, and his amorous adventures here leave a distinctly unpleasant taste in the mouth. Apparently the board of censors found nothing at which to cavil and how, where and why they draw the line grows "curiouser and curiouser."

There are two general releases of more than ordinary interest this week, "Congorilla" and "Jack's The Boy." The latter is a British picture featuring Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge and, containing plenty of laughter for everyone, is one of the best British films of the year. "Congorilla," though the commentary is weak, is an animal picture above the average.

NEW NOVELS

Helene, by Vicki Baum. Bles. 7s. 6d.

A Long Time Ago, by Margaret Kennedy. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

They Were Defeated, by Rose Macaulay. Collins. 8s. 6d.

Charming Manners, by John Michaelhouse. Dent. 7s. 6d.

Invitation to the Waltz, by Rosamund Lehmann. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

The Child of Ward IV., by Hertha von Gebhardt. Barker. 7s. 6d.

Tree Haven, by Kathleen Norris. Murray. 7s. 6d.

The Forsaken House at Misty Vale, by Mary L. Pendered. Heath Cranton. 7s. 6d.

VICKI BAUM'S "*Helene*" is the best book I have read for a long time, and is, I think, the best book that she has written. It is more than the story of *Helene*, student of chemistry; it is the complete and terrifying story of *Woman*. It is detached (almost at times to absentmindedness) and yet where detail is needed there is detail in abundance; it is grand and yet the characters are full of humanity and weakness; it is breath-taking in its compassion and yet never once does Vicki Baum allow sentiment or cloying pity to creep into her pages.

A Dangerous Task

It is, then, the story of *Helene*, but it is for all women who have ever been born and it is especially for those who realise that the business of being *Woman* is a difficult and dangerous task. *Helene* on the first page is a young student of chemistry in a German University; on the last page she is a successful scientist and she is a woman, a beautiful mature woman—a woman "thirty-two years old. She had been alone all her life. She had never known love; only that tender immature mistake of her youth. She had never known happiness yet. But now she was to be happy for fourteen whole days, completely, utterly, and entirely happy." I will say no more except this—if the book had had many more pages, many more chapters, I should have read them all.

Whether or no it is that Vicki Baum is responsible for the benevolence and the well-being of my mind, I do not feel able to decide but I also thoroughly enjoyed the way Miss Kennedy has captured the eerie quaintness of Ireland in "*A Long Time Ago*." Her descriptions of the Ardfillan mountains, of Killross, the desolate beauty of the Haunted Glen and the loneliness of Inishbar would in themselves have made up for a less pleasing story, for poor and unreal characters; but Miss Kennedy has no need for damning with faint praise. Her story is quaintly original and quaintly pleasing. Something happened a long time ago. All the members of the family who were present had their own views and each one was vested with the believer's personality and character. Then Miss Kennedy whisks us back and we see what did actually happen. (As a matter of fact at the end of the story I was still a little hazy about what had

happened—but as Miss Kennedy believes that when men fill the gaps they unthinkingly betray how they themselves would have behaved—I think, and I keep my own counsel). Miss Kennedy once again catches hold of the imagination; once again she has created her own little circle, breathed upon them, and brought them to life:

Rose Macaulay's "*They Were Defeated*" is a historical novel. Why is there always the faint flavour of fake in a historical novel? Partly perhaps because the thing-in-itself, to use the Kantian phrase, is from its very nature a bit of a fake; the scenery may be laboriously painted, the stage correctly set, the talk and even the slang all proper to the period—and yet you feel the whole thing is forced, strained, unnatural.

For instance; "As to Meg Yarde, that long, merry, freckled girl Kit liked her, though he considered her rather too hoyting. A tomrigg . . . Giles Yorke, though a Duncical Hoyden himself . . ." etc., etc.

Really, Miss Macaulay! No doubt all these words were used in the seventeenth century (vide Preface). No doubt they were good words then, and would be good words now if anybody and everybody used them on the Underground. But the fact is that nobody does, and the use of them in an historical novel does not create an illusion, it shatters it.

The thought that Rose Macaulay has joined the pedants, even if only for the space of one book, shatters another illusion; it only shows how impossible, as an art form, the historical novel has become. If anybody could have made a success of it, Miss Macaulay with her powers as poet and novelist, could have done so; as it is she has peopled his history with living men and women but their background is stale, inert and unproductive.

Don't Do It Again

For the rest, "*They Were Defeated*" is the time of Charles I: John Milton, Herrick, Crashaw, Cowley and More the Platonist all appear in its pages, and there is a love story flowing, a little forlornly, through the learning. For the sake of your six previous and precious books, Miss Macaulay, I can forgive you anything, but I would rather you didn't do just this sort of thing again.

There seems to be a conspiracy on foot for novelists to induce their heroines to fall in love with men many years their junior. And so John Michaelhouse in "*Charming Manners*," to be well in fashion, sees to it that the young Peter Manners shall fall in love with Margaret Daunt, a widow with three children. He does; she does; and John Michaelhouse writes a charming story about charming people with charming manners.

The story runs on its appointed lines—the three children are quite delightful (I quite fell in love with Anne myself). Margaret Daunt refuses to marry him on account of his immaturity, and Peter Manners, who is reading for religious orders and has trouble with an idealism all his own, gets into trouble on account of his unconventional attitude and outlook. And here it is that John Michaelhouse makes good with his story. Hilary appears, and once more Peter Manners falls in

love. They have both had their emotional experiences, and to succour each other and to heal the other's wounds the two of them decide to live together, without marriage. It is here, of course, that the story should have begun, and the first part of the book seems irrelevant and trite. Hilary is killed in a motor smash, and we are left hoping that the small and delightful Anne will grow up to be Peter's wife. But it is a charming story.

Miss Lehmann's "Invitation to the Waltz" has to be read to be believed. Whoever listened to you when you came in early that morning and tried to tell them about the sunrise? Whoever listened to you when you attempted to describe what the first blossom on that tree at the top of the garden meant to you? So away with any halting phrase that I might concoct to tell you of Olivia; of her invitation to her coming out dance, of the shy wonderment in her heart and what she thought about it all when she got there. It's a delightful story, this of Miss Lehmann's about a young girl and a young girl's mind, and in its way almost as satisfying as that sunrise or that first blossom, so many years ago.

The New Firm

If the firm of Arthur Barker maintain the standard that they have set themselves there should be rare and excellent books from these publishers in the future. "Fanfare for Tin Trumpets" was very much above the average; other books, not novels, have been rarely excellent, and now they publish "The Child of Ward IV."

One child lives; one child dies; a careless nurse and two women claim the living child as their own. Here is indeed a situation that must be cleverly handled. Hertha von Gebhardt has made it the psychological study of the attitude of the two women and of the small child. One woman was in a position to keep the child; the other was not. So the one goes as serving woman to the other. The two women are intensely jealous of each other as far as the child is concerned, and the child suffers deeply from this constant frustration of mother love. It is a most interesting book, quite out of the ordinary run, and should be read.

Kathleen Norris can always be trusted not to let one down to tell a story that is at any rate of human interest. This time she points a moral and adorns a tale for all young ladies who think that marriage is the consummation of a life and the only thing (in a girl's life) worth praying for. Cynthia Trezavant thought so, too. She wanted to "live" and she thought that living and marriage were synonymous. She found they were not.

A good deal of sentimentality is spread over Miss Pendered's story of a haunted house and the mildly eerie happenings under its roof. Yet, beneath the sentimentality, Miss Pendered has written quite a charming tale of simple people, and the discovery in the haunted house of its "treasure" links up very cleverly the ghost of a past century with the events of to-day. "The Forsaken House at Misty Vale" is a book which can be recommended to all who enjoy a pleasant and unpretentious novel for their lighter reading.

A GOLF BOOK AND SOME RECIPES

Out of the Rough. By Bernard Darwin. Chapman and Hall. 6s.

A New Way to Better Golf. By Alex. J. Morrison. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

HERE are two utterly dissimilar books about a game which produces a strange but unmistakeable similarity of the spoken work no matter in what part of the world it is played. If you are an eighteen man, and your greatest desire in life is to get down to sixteen we would recommend you to let Alex J. Morrison of New York City tell you how to do it. If you want to taste the full flavour of the game and enjoy vicariously the genial and educative influence of a score of famous clubhouses, and listen, "after tea," to the wise chats (as distant from the wise-cracks) of famous players then you should go straightway and spend six shillings on "Out of the Rough."

Or, better still, play that "old enemy" of yours for a couple of volumes instead of the usual half-crown because, even supposing you lose, you will be repaid a hundredfold by the possession of a book which throughout the whole tally of winter nights, when the pipe is drawing well and the fire glows, will more than wipe out the bitter memory of those sliced drives and that ridiculously timid putt which, when you thought you had got "Old So-and-so" fixed just let him in and sent him cackling and crowing back to the clubhouse to make those "hard fuck" remarks which everybody knew he never meant.

Mr. Alex J. Morrison, of New York City, X-Rays you and shows you such things as the deltoid, latissimus dorsi, and gluteus maximus muscles (which as far as one can gather should operate on the up swing) and the anconaeus, the adductor and flexor, the flexor digitorum sublimis, the extensor hallucis longus and heaps of other muscles (which should be employed on the down swing). For the golfer who likes that sort of thing Alex J. Morrison, of New York City, is the man.

For the golfer who loves the game and the men who have made it, and who doesn't care two hoots about what his extensor carpi ulnaris is doing so long as he gets in a good one Bernard Darwin is the man.

Mr. Morrison makes us feel as though we were walking along Harley Street. Mr. Darwin makes us remember those too few occasions when, utterly regardless about whether our muscles were working in harmony, we put an iron shot up to the pin and, caring even less about our manners than about what Mr. Morrison calls "an organised physical routine which presupposes, of course, an organised state of mind," turned to our opponent and said, "Now, you old scoundrel, get inside that if you can."

Mr. Darwin's chapter on "Great Men at Hoylake" is a joy, but so is the whole book. Yet there is one jewel which shines with a greater beauty than any other and that is the chapter on Arthur Croome. There was only one "Crumbo," and there is only one man who could have written about him as Bernard Darwin has done.

THE NEW EDUCATION

Education through Recreation. L. P. Jacks.
London University Press. 3s. 6d.

THIS little book, modest enough in appearance, is important. It contains the substance of a series of lectures recently delivered by Dr. Jacks in America in which he discussed the increasing time devoted to leisure and the complete lack of training for the right disposal of it.

This is the position as Dr. Jacks sees it. The unemployment problem remains stubbornly insoluble. In the western world tens of millions of people are without occupation, many having suffered enforced idleness for years. Very few have had any sort of guidance in any properly effective use of this leisure. They simply do not know what to do with it. And this is not a temporary condition, for all the tendencies of modern social life point to a diminution in the hours devoted to organised labour. Mass production, rationalisation, trade unionism, restriction of output, the miracles of modern engineering may possibly lead eventually to a four hour day and a five day week.

American industry is now engaged in organising itself along these lines. The tremendous increase in leisure which must result cannot be spent in idleness; that is biologically impossible. Nature abhors a vacuum of time as well as of space and often employs the Devil to fill it—our bandits and smash-and-grab men exist in evidence of it. The solution of the problem Dr. Jacks finds in a New Education, a combination of education and recreation.

"The education which is not also recreation is a maimed, incomplete, half-done thing. The recreation which is not also educational has no re-creative value."

The Schoolmen must give up the idea that the mind is superior to the body, (in their enthusiasm for the classics they have forgotten the Greeks); while the man set free from the desk and the bench must learn that recreation is not merely a cessation of work but an energising process, a re-creation, vitally educative in its operation. An education which does not include "the whole man" is incomplete. The New Education knows nothing of any distinction between work and play. In their highest form they are the same thing. The gardener tending the beauty he has watched born of a pregnant earth, the musician conjuring melodies from his instrument; these are artists who have united labour and leisure in a creative effort. That is the key of the New Education. It is an effort at the development of the creative instinct. It is not new, of course, but it has never been attempted on a big scale. Achieve it and the problem of leisure is solved for a man "educated for leisure" is a creative instrument self-active in his leisure.

The New Education has made great strides in Germany, it is marching in Sweden, America has seen the vast possibilities in it. England lags behind. Dr. Jacks would like to see established here National Colleges of Recreational Culture

from which would emanate leaders in the Use of Recreation. Unlike so many writers on Education, Dr. Jacks is ready with a programme. He has reduced his theories to practical terms. He has outlined a syllabus for his colleges. He is ready to begin. Any book of Dr. Jacks is entitled to respect. In "Education through Recreation" in clear and convincing style, with deft touches of humour, he offers his solution of what is likely to become one of the most difficult problems of the century.

A SAINTLY MAN

Rafael, Cardinal Merry del Val. By F. A. Forbes.
Longmans. 6s.

RAFANEL, Cardinal Merry del Val who, in the latter years of the Pontificate of Leo XIIIth., received rapid promotion, and at the age of 38, was appointed Secretary of State by the gentle, pious Giuseppe Sarto (Pius Xth.), cannot be said to have suffered from misunderstanding, though he was greatly misunderstood. He was the Pope's mouthpiece in the bitter struggle with the Comber Government, and in the lesser but trying misfortunes that beset the Vatican in the years before the war, a war that Pius Xth, not only anticipated but dated.

Now Mrs. F. A. Forbes, with the assistance of the Cardinal's family and Monsignor Canali, the Cardinal's friend and secretary, has set out the life story of Rafael Merry del Val and thrown a bright light on the interesting later years. There is nothing to give the reader pause in the first few chapters. But, as the author warms to her work and deals with things that matter she holds the reader and draws the figure of a saintly man, one of the many whose selfless devotion to the Roman Church serves to maintain its authority and prestige.

It is interesting to note that Cardinal Merry del Val, who had an English grandmother and very mixed descent, had many English friends and sympathies. He was modest and self effacing, kept journalists at a distance, and is only known to have written the praises of one journal, the *Saturday Review*. Referring to an article on the trouble between the Vatican and the Comber Government, the Cardinal wrote to Monsignor Broadhead: "the excellent article in the *Saturday Review* was indeed a relief to read. It is a brave statement by an honest man." Some have honours thrust upon them. Cardinal Merry del Val was one of these; he shrank from the purple, but as a Prince of the Church he acquitted himself through seasons of storm and stress, as only a great man can. He had an instinct for loyalty, the same instinct that led his equally distinguished brother, doyen of the Ambassadors to the Court of St. James's to retire with dignity into private life when the Republic replaced the Monarchy and his master, friend, and sometime pupil was dethroned. The Cardinal's death was tragic in its sudden happening and not in that alone. They whisper in Rome that it was in truth due to an accident. The world lost a great man when Rafael Merry del Val followed his friend and master, Pope Pius Xth., along the path of Kings and Emperors.

WOMEN IN LITERATURE

The Common Reader: Second Series. By Virginia Woolf. Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.

THERE are occasional dissentients to the high rank which Miss Virginia Woolf has won among contemporary novelists. There can be none, I think, who would deny her merits as a critic—or, if any such there be, let them read the obituary essay in this book on Thomas Hardy, in which a splendid tribute is paid without the least touch of rhetoric or servility at the very moment of death, when many of those who had previously denounced Hardy as artist, as craftsman and moralist were searching the dictionary for laudatory adjectives.

The essay on Gissing is only less impressive, and only because Gissing was a lesser man. Most of the subjects treated here belong to the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries—Swift, Sterne, Dorothy Wordsworth, Parson Woodforde, and Hazlitt—and to one reader at least much of the interest of the book is the light that is incidentally thrown on the position of women in literature. Dorothy Osborne, for example, living in the time of Charles II., and writing letters to her lover Temple, which have now become a classic, was "impeded by her belief that writing was an act unbecoming her sex. A grand lady here and there whose rank secured her the toleration and, it may be, the adulation of a servile circle, might write and print her writings. But the act was offensive to a woman of lower rank. Had she been born in 1827, Dorothy Osborne would have written novels; had she been born in 1527 she would never have written at all. But she was born in 1627, and at that date, though writing letters was ridiculous for a woman, there was nothing unseemly in writing a letter."

For a century or more there was little change, for it was only accident that made Mrs. Thrale write—if she had not married Mr. Thrale the brewer, and had not met Dr. Johnson and Boswell and the Burneys and the rest, she would have long since been forgotten. But already the atmosphere was changing; Fanny Burney had produced "Evelina," and taken the town by storm; Mary Wollstonecraft was beginning to think aloud, Jane Austen was observing her little circle in Sussex, and Harriet Martineau was challenging the pundits on their own ground of political economy.

From that time, in literature at least, women began to compete with men on level terms. This second series is extremely interesting.

THE PERFECT BIOGRAPHER

Ivan the Terrible. By Stephen Graham. Ernest Benn. 18s. net.

IN this almost perfect biography, Mr. Stephen Graham stamps himself as one of the finest writers of English of to-day; and it should further be said that the two above qualifications are only here expressed because nothing human can be perfect and because it is virtually impossible ever to choose the finest among writers of any day. Recounting the strange and thrilling life of Ivan

the Terrible, Mr. Stephen Graham has another inestimable advantage: he knows not only Russian, but Russians, and there emanates from his pages an aura of understanding and sympathy rarely met with in any work upon a foreign subject.

It is impossible to know what to praise most in this noble book—the completeness of the human portrait in it, its sobriety and right historical balance, or the elegance of its composition. Ivan was one of the most curious men who have ever lived, and his reign, of immense importance to Russia, is enlivened to English readers by the obstinacy of his desire to marry an Englishwoman, beginning with Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Graham's pages on the embassies of Chancellor, Anthony Jenkinson, and Sir Jerome Bowes form a delicious interlude in the general tale of conquest, bigotry and cruelty, but these too are kept in true proportion. Mr. Stephen Graham disclaims the intention of writing history, but his revelation of the character and relation of the doings of Ivan the Terrible, easily the fullest that exist outside the Russian language, amounts for the English reader to a history of the period, and by far the best that is likely to come his way. Mr. Graham's book is one of amazing spirit and insight, and commands our warmest admiration.

A CRUSADING JUDGE

My Own Way: An autobiography by His Honour Sir Edward Parry. Cassell 15s. net.

JUDGE PARRY began life early. He married and was called to the Bar at 21 and became a County Court judge at 30. He is now in his 70th year. In spite of early ill health he seems to have enjoyed nearly every moment of his useful life except when he was shot on the Bench in 1898. He has written plays and among his most distinguished contributions to history was his edition of Dorothy Osborne's letters which he rediscovered. During the War he did valuable public work on industrial discontent in Lancashire; but his best public work has been done as a County Court judge and as a law reformer through his justly popular books. He has certainly achieved more than any man now living towards a standard of justice for the poor, in which crusade he has employed a most unusual endowment of irrepressible benevolence, legal acumen, and motherwit.

Motherwit is a specially appropriate word, for the judge has taken quite a number of distressed persons under his wing in an almost maternal fashion, though these activities have also furnished him with a repertoire of excellent anecdotes. He is curiously typical of England. It is difficult, if not impossible, to think of any judge in any country but England being able to take so independent a line and to achieve such popularity without the least loss of dignity.

The only apparent defect in the volume is its size; but Judge Parry's numerous admirers are not likely to object to this and the general reader is free to skip as much as he likes.

E.S.P.H.

A GREAT TREVELYAN BOOK

Ramillies and the Union with Scotland: Vol. II. of England under Queen Anne. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Longmans. 21s.

MR. TREVELYAN'S second volume is worthy of his first. No more could be said, and no less would be enough. It is the work of a great scholar, a great literary artist, a great lover of England, and it must be added—a good Whig; but a Whig who is so little of a partisan that he is sometimes willing to let the Tory dogs get the best of it. It is as good reading as Froude or Macaulay; and Mr. Trevelyan makes his pages readable, not by shoddy epigrams or false antitheses, but by the sheer merit of his narrative style which is as dexterous as it is unobtrusive.

He is a master, too, of the difficult art of quotation: a few words from Marlborough's account of his interview with Charles XII go far to explain why he was as successful in diplomacy as war. "I wish I could serve some campaigns under so great a general as your majesty," he said, "that I might learn what I yet want to know in the art of war." Some of the minor actors in the great drama, too, are brought vividly before us in their own words: the Scottish Cameronian, Colonel Blackader, who called the English "the boldest sinners in our army," and during the pursuit after Ramillies "met with what I fear and hate in this trade, viz., cursing, swearing, filthy language, etc." He must surely have been a direct ancestor of Kipling's Highland Colour-Sergeant in "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" who murmured that "Charging is an unfortunate necessity—it makes the men swear so." We should have liked to hear more of the Englishman who thought the Highlands "horrid" and "frightful" and "most of all disagreeable when the heath is in bloom," and of old Lady Wentworth who lamented in inimitable spelling "that such a yousles creature as I should outliv soe many fyne young folks" and described in vivid language the sad death of her dog: "Poor charming Fubs. As it leved, soe it dyed, full of lov, never offered to snap at anybody in its horrid torter, but nussle its head to us and look earnestly upon me and Sue."

Nor is the period unworthy of the author: in these four years, between 1704 and 1708, the seventeenth century died and the eighteenth was born. The long ascendancy of France was broken by the victories of Ramillies and Turin; on the other hand, the Bourbon hold on Spain was established, and the foundations laid of the Family Compact, which gave us so much trouble in the American war.

The two small island kingdoms of England and Scotland, poor, quarrelsome and disunited, were turned into the formidable nation of Great Britain; and the blessings of party government and orderly finance were introduced into this happy country, though we learn with envy that "although England was ahead of other countries in the machinery for the raising of taxes, the machine had by no means attained the terrible efficiency of the modern Inland Revenue Service."

Through all the intricacies of war and politics, Mr. Trevelyan guides us with a sure hand, mak-

ing everything interesting because he makes everything intelligible. In particular he makes us understand how it was that two nations which disliked each other as heartily as the Scotch and English came of their own accord to be united. It was purely a marriage of convenience—the wiser heads in both countries came to understand that they must choose between union and war, and on the whole they preferred union.

A FIRST-CLASS THRILLER

Sheets in the Wind. By Ridgwell Cullum. Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.

IF anybody wants to read a rattling good yarn without being bothered about the "modern" school or, for the matter of that, any school at all, let them go straight and get "Sheets in the Wind."

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A Short Guide to New Books

Big Game Shooting in Africa. By Major H. C. Maydon (editor)—The Lonsdale Library, Volume XIV. Seeley, Service & Co. 25s. net.

This volume is worthy of the sporting library of which it forms a part, varied, authoritative and admirably illustrated. Major Maydon has gathered round him a most competent band of contributors, among whom the Duke of Gloucester writes of experiences in hunting the mountain Nyala, telling us in direct and revealing words of how he secured a very fine bull, and with the fringe-eared oryx. Here are advice, experience and exciting stories of perilous adventure in that form of hunting which deserves completely the name of sport. A most readable book—even for those who can only dream of big game when they go to Whipsnade.

A Pilgrimage of the Thames. By Donald Maxwell. The Centenary Press. 7s. 6d.

There have been many books about the Thames but none quite like this. Mr. Maxwell sets out from Gravesend, armed with notebook and sketch-book, and personally conducts a most entrancing journey to Oxford. His knowledge of the Thames and of the people and the places along its banks is as great as his obvious affection for it and them, and no man can say that he really knows the river until he has read the many strange and interesting things that Mr. Maxwell has to tell. The sketches (and there is a prodigious number of them) are as good as the letterpress.

One small blemish. A Thames-side man in "an ancient hostelry" tells a really entertaining ghost story. But he refers to the "bicycle research society." Now, really, really. Still, the book is so good that perhaps we should have forgotten that.

What is Sex? By Helena Wright, M.B., B.S. Noel Douglas. 5s.

We do not believe that most of the many books on sex are worth the attention of any reasonable person, while a great many are an obvious attempt to pander to unhealthy sexuality. But, if it be true that the free discussion of sex is preferable to a conspiracy of silence and that those who are quite young may be saved needless misery by clear exposition, then this is a useful little volume. It is certainly informative and its outlook is not nasty, but sane.

Bonnie Prince Charlie. By Clennell Wilkinson. Harrap. 8s. 6d.

A thoroughly delightful book about the eternally romantic figure of the Young Pretender. Mr. Wilkinson does not disguise his predilection for his hero, and suggests with much plausibility that Prince Charles' seeming failure in life was in reality the basis of a noble influence in history. It is a stirring tale, and Mr. Wilkinson does it full justice, basing his narrative on wide authorities. He has not been successful in throwing light upon the mystery of why, at Culloden, the Macdonalds

were placed upon the left of the Prince's army, instead of occupying their consecrated post of honour on the right wing, a blunder that led to their fighting so badly that it may have turned the day. Nor is it quite true that Prince Charlie "saved the kilt": that was much more the work of General Wolfe, through whose influence the first Highland regiments were raised. Mr. Wilkinson paints a very fair picture of the Young Pretender and makes out a good case for believing the stories of his debauchery and drunkenness after his failure to be seriously exaggerated. His is a book to command wide admiration and to please numberless readers.

After Democracy. By H. G. Wells. C. A. Watts & Co. 7s. 6d.

Mr. H. G. Wells' portrait figures on the jacket of this book in a most appropriate setting: that of a soap-bubble, an article, it may be supposed, but one degree removed from a gas-bag. The last of this collection of essays is entitled "Crystal Gazing," and the amount of benefit to be derived from perusal of the whole has a singular resemblance to that obtainable far more agreeably from visiting a fortune-teller. That unchecked vanity has brought out in Mr. Wells a strange mixture of pomposity and childishness is a fact unhappily long since evident to the intelligent; but it is barely credible that he should be able to get away with the sort of stuff he here turns out for the million. His method is simplicity itself. Thus: War is a great evil. Therefore war should be stopped (1) by persuading all nations not to go to war or (2) by preventing them from going to war. That is what I would do if I were dictator. And because other people don't do it they are blind idiots or pernicious scoundrels. Or again: The world is in the depths of economic depression. Well, "What should be done—now"? Listen to Mr. Wells! "Concerted world action," leading by "the lightning of debt and the release of enterprise" through general inflation and "by bold expansion of public employment and collected buying," and by wholesale reduction of tariffs, and by universal disarmament, to "unexampled prosperity and happiness." How admirable a remedy! How grateful the world should be to Mr. Wells for telling it! How lucky that Mr. Wells should have had his little brain wave! Without him, we might never have thought of such an easy way out of our troubles.

Man. By Manly Hall. Rider. 15s.

Mr. Hall writes learnedly, though with almost a purely mystic basis, on the subject of Man. He has dug deeply into occult works both old and new, and the results of his labours, together with a good deal of material of his own, are here presented to us. From a purely philosophical point of view, his thesis is extraordinarily interesting, and there is much in his book which will naturally command a great deal of earnest thought.

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You may wonder why the author is described as "F.R.C.S., Eng." There is a reason for it. He is of Portuguese nationality but has written in English a story of life in Lisbon. Here and there you get a funny little twist to a sentence, but nine times out of ten that is all to the good. There is colour, speed, warmth and life. Some of it a little unusual, perhaps, but by no means the worse for that. An interesting book with some bull-fighting in it.

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Forbidden Valley. By L. Patrick Greene. John Hamilton. 7s. 6d.

Welcome to the return of "The Major" with his monocle, his muscles, his "Bai Joves" and the guise of the Dude under cover of which he "puts across" some more of those dramatic triumphs over the illicit buyers of diamonds and gold. He has lost none of his nerve and none of his attractiveness, and that is saying a good deal.

Bucket in a Well. By Hilda Willett. Stanley Paul. 7s. 6d.

A jolly young married couple find work unobtainable and so, although they have been brought up in the atmosphere of the waited-upons and not in that of the waiters, they take domestic service with Montague Cleverly who has just won a big sweepstake. They tumble across the confidence tricksters who are trying to fleece their employer and, of course, foil them to the benefit of everybody concerned except the crooks. The book has a pleasant humour and the situations are well handled.

Next Week's Broadcasting

THE autumn offensive conducted by the Music Department advances a stage further next week. On October 23rd at 9.5 p.m. (Regional) Adrian Boult conducts the B.B.C. Orchestra in the first Sunday Orchestral Concert of this, the third season. On October 26th at 8.15 p.m. (National) the second Symphony Concert of the season will be relayed from the Queen's Hall; Mischa Elman is the soloist and Boult again the conductor, and on October 29th at 9 p.m. (Regional) Anne Thursfield, Lionel Tertis and Solomon give the third of the B.B.C. Chamber Concerts in the Concert Hall, Broadcasting House.

The other departments are, for the most part, resting on the laurels they hope to win during the birthday celebrations in November.

There is one notable exception. "Nor'-West," by L. du Garde Peart, will be broadcast in the Regional programme on October 24th at 9.25 p.m. and in the National programme on October 25th at 9.20 p.m. "L. du G." is the only English author who has made any serious contribution to the art of Radio drama in this country, and a new play from the author of "The Path of Glory," "The Mary Celeste," and "Bread" is an event of the first importance. The Children's Hour also produces a play by him on October 27th at 5.15 p.m. (National and Regional). "L. du G." has written over fifty plays for the Children's Hour during the last three years, and he would probably not deny that this has helped him greatly to develop his style and technique. The need for simplicity, directness, the importance of clearly defined characterisation, combined with the intelligent use of sound effects, are lessons which have not been lost on the author of the Greek legend plays, the Tales from the Nordic Soyas, and the Tower of London plays. "Nor'-West" should be the most interesting broadcast of the week.

The Saturday Acrostics New Series

We offer a prize of a book for the first correct solution opened.

RULES

RULES.—(1) The book chosen must be named when the solution is sent in and must be selected from the books reviewed in the current issue. (2) The price of the book must not exceed half-a-guinea. (3) Envelopes must be marked "ACROSTIC" and addressed to the ACROSTIC EDITOR, *Saturday Review*, 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2. (4) Solutions must reach us by first post on the Thursday following the date of publication.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, NO. 5.

AT WHAT DO THEY WORK IN THE SHOEMAKER'S SHOP
TILL NIGHT FALLS AND IT IS TIME TO STOP?

1. To have but one wife, sir, he deems it sage.
2. Clip at each end who's more advanced in age.
3. Core of a fodder-plant on chalk-soil grown.
4. Curtail the hawklet perched on yon great stone.
5. Ready to aid us when we help require.
6. My Spiral horns and white-striped skin admire!
7. Heart of nocturnal Madagascan beast.
8. Needed by no man till his life has ceased.
9. Core of a room raised high above the ground.
10. Power unlimited, that knows no bound.
11. Here carts and carriages their quota paid.
12. Supplied with me, men journeyed unafraid.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 4.

WHO FANCIES THIS, CRIES POPE, TO TRUTH IS BLIND
AND TO THE SCHEME BY PROVIDENCE DESIGNED.

1. To smooth man by a hairy one sold cheap.
2. Half of what all should do before they leap.
3. Core of a plunge into the briny deep.
4. In Old Japan he was a man of note.
5. Inspects with careful eye each doubtful vote.
6. Broad-mouthed, large-eared, this mediæval hound.
7. Curtail what some poor folk to pick are bound.
8. Me Noah, farmer turning, freely planted.
9. By great ones to reporters often granted.
10. Proclaims that "Sumer is icumen in."
11. Joyous as John when Christmas feasts begin.

SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC NO. 4.

B	i	r	t	h	r	i	g	h	T
L									O
d	I								V
S		a	m	u	r	a			I
S		c	r	u	t	i	n	e	R
T		a	l	b	o				T
O		a	k						U
V			i	n					E
I		n	t	e	r	v	i	e	W
C		u	c	k	o				O
E			l	a	t				E

¹ Gen. xxv. 30-34, and xxvii. 11.

² See *Cuckoo Song* in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's *Oxford Book of English Verse*.

"Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe!"
—*Essay on Man*, iv. 93.

The winner of Acrostic No. 3 was "Margaret." Will she please forward her full name and address when a book will be sent.

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CITY.—By C. J. HAMILTON

Lombard Street, Thursday

THERE have been several reassuring indications of late of the unobtrusive, but highly important work that is going on in various large sections of national enterprise tending towards greater efficiency and more profitable results. They show that the pressure of adversity has its good effects. The information afforded by the Southern Railway is a case in point. According to some pessimists the railways of this country are doomed, at any rate unless they can succeed in stifling the competition of the road hauliers. Yet it seems that the Southern Railway, whose gross revenue has fallen, since last year, by some £2½ millions, has in the same period been able to make up all but £700,000 of this defect out of new economies.

It is well known that for many years after the Railway Act of 1921 very little, in comparison with what was possible, was achieved in the direction of economy made available by the new powers of consolidation and co-operation. But for the stress of the depression, accentuated by the new competition from the roads, the incentive might have been lacking indefinitely that was required in order to force the railways to a higher pitch of efficiency. History, so often eloquent on this theme, is repeating itself. Competition is the one sure safeguard against lethargy, stagnation and waste.

Two Great Errors

The road-rail problem still remains acute and the subject of keen controversy. Two points regarding it deserve emphasis. The financial difficulties of the railways are not, to the extent that is often supposed, the outcome of road competition. It would be a fundamental error to imagine that road transport should be restricted or controlled because, otherwise, the railways will be unable to pay dividends on their capital.

There is an even more important misunderstanding that is often apparent in the argument of those who believe that in the national interest the existing railway capital must be enabled to earn its normal rate of interest. The dead hand of past capital investment should not be allowed to determine the course of present and future enterprise. That capital represents past labour and capital services which should be given no voice in determining the way in which present labour and new capital is employed. If, in transport, this present capital and labour can be more effectively used on the roads, the fact that £1,000 millions has been invested in the railways in years gone by is irrelevant.

Another sign of enterprise comes from the steel industry. Everywhere the revival of industry waits upon effective demand and new demand waits upon the investor who controls the flow of purchasing power. Meanwhile the investor does not take action, either from lack of confidence in would-be borrowers, or, more truly, because industry itself withholds request for new capital until there are clear signs that new orders are forthcoming for its products. So the vicious circle

continues. Now the steel industry of this country, in co-operation with French and German steel makers, are working out a scheme whereby they can create a new demand for their products by themselves providing the purchasing power in the form of credit.

While on the subject of the demand for commodities, a word might be said with regard to the recent letter from the economists on the subject of spending. They condemn that kind of economy which consists in the refusal of a private person to spend up to the limit of what he can safely afford. They argue, further, that corporate spending, say by a local authority that contemplates the institution of a new public work of utility, should be governed by the same considerations. The grounds of their advice are that, at the present time of depression, Mill's old doctrine that "what is saved is also spent" does not hold good.

Wasteful Habits

Their advice, so far as it goes, is sound enough. But it does not get to the root of the actual problem before us. There is little indication of the kind of hoarding against which they warn us. On the other hand there is not the least doubt that in many branches of public expenditure, as also in private, we have developed habits of waste and extravagance that urgently call for correction. In the realm of public expenditure at least nothing less than a catastrophic force, such as is presented by the threat of a serious Budget deficit, will serve to overcome the resistance to economy arising from vested interest, fear of unpopularity and general lethargy. That catastrophic force is now, to some extent, in operation. To counteract its effect on the ground that the present is not the time for saving is to render a disservice to the community. Suppose that, by such economy, sixpence could be taken off the income tax there is no valid ground for supposing that the six pence would not be very promptly spent in other directions.

Still another hopeful indication that we may soon begin to look for some revival of trade is afforded by the announcement of the forthcoming conversations between the Scandinavian countries, the Argentine, and ourselves on the subject of tariffs. It may be true that Ottawa has not done all that many people hoped for the reduction of tariff barriers. Even here, however, there is a good deal of exaggeration with regard to what has been done. It is said, for example, that the increased preferences which Australia is granting to us will not mean lower duties on our goods, but only higher duties on foreign goods entering that country. The statement is substantially true of the latest Australian tariff of October 12. It is not true of the tariff of September in which quite important reductions in the duties upon British goods were introduced. The Lyons tariff of 1932 is a distinct improvement on the Scullin Tariff of 1930 which marked the high point of extreme protectionism. For further substantial reductions we must await the judgments of the tariff board. They have already made a beginning, for instance; in removing the duty on oil engines of 100 horse power and over.

CORRESPONDENCE

Eclipse—the Fastest Racehorse

SIR,—Was Eclipse the fastest racehorse that ever ran? To this question there can be no decided answer; it will always be open to doubt by some. In my opinion, however, and I share that opinion with many others, Eclipse was the fastest racehorse that the world has ever seen. There are some who say that he did not meet horses of class; that is nonsense, as not all the animals he ran against could have been platers.

It must be remembered that Eclipse never ran till he was a five-year-old—in May, 1769. To-day we race horses as two and three-year-olds. As my father, the late James Irvine Lupton, F.R.C.V.S., in his work "The Horse: As He Was, As He Is and As He Ought To Be," published in 1881, said: "The British thoroughbred, many assert, is perfection, and that he cannot be improved upon; but of the general utility class there is hardly a horseman who does recognise that of late years he has been going down hill, that he does not possess the same stamina nor endurance as the horses at the early part of the century. At two years old horses are compelled to race with a weight on a back that ought not to carry any. And this, we are asked to believe, is done with a view to improve the breeds of horses. This false system will continue to flourish so long as two-year-old races and half-mile courses are tolerated." "The first step towards the improvement of our horses lies in the discontinuance of racing two-year-olds and of early training generally."

I believe that if Eclipse could revisit this planet, and run against our horses of to-day, the old cry would go up—"Eclipse first and the rest nowhere." The reason why Eclipse was never beaten and always lost all his opponents in all his races was that his first race was as a five-year-old, and therefore he had not been ruined by early training. If we would follow the same principle and never race our horses till they were five-year-olds, we might once more possess an Eclipse.

London Athletic Club. JAMES M. K. LUPTON.

Believers in a God, but Godless.

SIR,—The great mistake that many people make is to think that the great masses who have nothing to do with religion do not believe in God. That this is a mistake can be proved by any parish priest who has worked among these people, visited them in sickness or watched them die. Scientists may propound the theory of evolution, that is, the Darwin theory, but that does not do away with the fact that when a man is finishing his life here, especially if it has not been too good, he has a knowledge that there is someone to whom he has to give an account. These people do believe there is a God, but the parish priest's hardest task is to make them realise that God matters to them in their everyday life. In these post-War days with their terrible amount of unemployment, the task is made harder, because if God is interested in our lives here, why does He allow such a thing to exist? The question was often asked when these people were losing their nearest and dearest in the War, and to understand their difficulty one has to put himself in their places. The difficulty is intensified by the many who have all the com-

forts of this life but who in their selfishness never give a thought to their less fortunate brethren.

The real work of the priest is to bring home to the masses the great truth that God, whom they ignore, loves them; that when a man takes God into his life He will uplift that man, give him better desires and a happier outlook for this life and a sure hope for the life beyond. The experienced priest knows that this work can never be done in mass formation, but one by one: that is by the gripping of the individual man. The cause of the world's trouble to-day is that the people of the 20th Century have left God out of their lives.

In spite of all the difficulties, we do see results of our labour in the reclamation of a soul here and there. Happiness is thus brought into thousands of lives.

HERBERT D. PEEL,

Vicar of Emmanuel, Cheltenham.

No More Pig Squealing

SIR,—I have only just read the notes on "No more pig squealing" in your issue of September 17th.

An ounce of practice is worth a wealth of argument, and I could easily arrange for anyone interested to visit the slaughter-house of a practical working butcher quite near London who for years past has killed pigs only with the humane killer, and never found the flesh has suffered from splashing, or that it was in any way inferior to that of pigs killed in the old-fashioned brutal manner.

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